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FAMILY LETTERS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE.<sup>1</sup>

EDITED BY LEONARD HUXLEY.

II.

To Jeannie Welsh.

The Countess is Elizabeth Pepoli. 'Strange, upon my honour' was a phrase of Mazzini's.

Miss Swanwick was the translator of Aeschylus; 'the blustering John Robertson' was Mill's assistant editor on the *Westminster Review*. 'That minds me'—a phrase of Helen, their servant. Gambardella, the artist, had gone to Liverpool. Mrs. Reid is the priggish lady of a previous letter.

(Jan. 1844.)

Oh Babbie Babbie! 'I am a-weary a-weary,' as ever was 'Mariana of the Moated Grange'! Every day I pray to Heaven for just two things, *quiet and the free use of my faculties*, and Heaven turns a deaf ear! If any approximation to outward quiet be granted I am sure to have along with it a headache or 'real mental agony in my own inside' (as Helen phrases it) or if both *my head* and '*mysel*' be comparatively easy, then there are a hundred and one interruptions to snatch me up, like a feather borne on the wind, and whirl me away, far away, out of my little sphere of industrial projects and good intentions. Till Cromwell is finished I am not to be held 'responsible.'

Last Sunday I had thought to write you such a letter, as long as my arm—and as interesting 'as—as—anything'! But 'The Countess' came and made me go out with her 'against my sensations,' and I came in so chilled that I had to warm myself with brandy and nestle on the sofa under that big shawl; that I might be resuscitated for a party of Americans that was to take effect the same evening—and the wretches all came—and there was such a drawling and sir-ing—I would have given a crown that you had been there for 'it was *strange upon my honour*!' There

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was a Mr. James with a wife and wife's-sister, 'not a bad man' (as C. would say) 'nor altogether a fool,' but he had only one leg!—that is to say only one real available leg, the other, tho' the fellow of it in appearance, consisting entirely of cork. Now a man may be as agreeable with one leg or three legs as with *two* but he needs to take certain precautions. The one-legged man is bound in mercy to all people with merely ordinary nerves to use some sort of *stick* instead of trusting to Providence as this Mr. James does, so that every time he moves in the room it is as if 'a blind destiny' had been set a-going and one awaits in horror to see him rush down amongst the tea-cups, or walk thro' the window-glass or pitch himself headforemost into the grate! from which and the like imminent dangers he is only preserved by a continual miracle! For *me* with *my* nerves you may fancy the awfulness of such a visitor! Of his two women what could anybody say? Unless that they giggled incessantly, and wore *black* stockings with light colour dresses. Then there was an American 'General'!—General Baird—the very image of Mr. Pecksniff, without the shyness. His ample breast was covered with a white waistcoat—open very far down to shew the *brooch* in his shirt—hair set round with pearls—the whole thing about the size of a five-shilling piece! He seemed then, as a living confirmation of Dickens' satires on the American *great men*, and several times I burst out laughing in his face. *The General* was brought by a Mr. Coleman who was sent us last summer by John Greig—an exceptional Yankee!—so full of life and glee, tho' turned of sixty! A sort of man one feels tempted to *kiss*, so benevolent and *good* without any cant about it—and with such affectionate eyes—I daresay I *shall* kiss him some day—the other night I found to my surprise that I had got the length of standing with one of my arms round his neck!! which must have been a cruel sight for Creek who was also of the party—*brought* by Arthur Helps and his beautiful little atom of a wife in their carriage. He had been dining with them, the promoted Creek! and they had asked my leave to come and *see* the Americans and 'took the liberty of bringing Mr. Craik along with them.' He behaves very well now the 'poor fellow'!—does not come above once in the two months—and still his devotion survives even this self-inflicted absence—if I fling him one civil word he looks as if he would fall down and kiss my great toe! and answers in the plaintive tone of a love-lorn shepherd in the Poetry of the Middle Ages. I begin to be *wae* for 'poor Creek'! Such

unrequited devotion I have not found in all Israel! 'That minds me' of a most absurd little incident which befell a week or two ago which I must tell you if my pen will hold out—for the general amusement of your breakfast table.

I received one day *by post* a letter the handwriting of which was not new to me—but I could not recollect in the first minutes whose it was. I read the first line—'Oh those bright sweet eyes'! I stood amazed 'as in presence of the Infinite'! What man had gone out of his wits? What year of grace was I in? What *was* it at all? I looked for a signature—there was none! I read on—'There is no escaping their bewitching influence'! 'Idiot!' said I 'whoever you be!' (having now *got up* a due matronly rage) 'to write such stale nonsense to me! *and to send it by post!*' But I read on—'It is impossible but that such eyes must be accompanied by a feeling heart—could you not use your influence with their possessor on my behalf? The time of young ladies is in general so uselessly employed that I really think you would be doing — Miss Swanwick a kindness in persuading her to—translate for me those *French laws of pawnbroking*'!!! Now it was all clear—and I had the ridicule of finding that my virtuous married-woman blushes had been entirely thrown away! The 'bright sweet eyes' were not *mine* but Miss Swanwick's and the writer of the letter was Robertson, who had repeatedly *raved* to me about those Swanwick-eyes to a weariness! But have you often in your life heard of anything more absurd—more stupid (even for an author) than this beginning of a letter to one woman with an apostrophe to the eyes of another! And when I told him afterwards the misconception thereby occasioned, instead of feeling ashamed of himself he only laughed till the tears ran down!

Oh what an awful adventure—a dinner party of eighteen and a cook with a cut vein! I can never understand how people outlive such things—had I been the *Mistress* in such a case I would have immediately *sailed for America*, or gone up to the housetop and suspended myself from a rafter! Remember me to Gambardella since he has emerged again into the sphere of visibility. You may tell him I met his Mrs. Reid at that Birthday party—and had the honour of being regarded by her with a marked terror and dislike—happily she went away soon—you would have laughed to have heard her as I did trying to indoctrinate one of Dickens's small children with *Socinian benevolence*—the child about the size of a quartern loaf was sitting on a low chair gazing in

awestruck delight at the reeking plum-pudding which its Father had just produced out of 'a gentleman's hat.' Mrs. Reid leaning tenderly over her (as benevolent gentlewomen understand how to lean over youth) said in a soft voice—*professedly* for *its* ear, but loud enough for mine and everybody else's within three yards distance—'Would you not like that there was such a nice pudding as that in every house in London to-night? I am sure *I* would!' The shrinking uncomprehending look which the little blouzy face cast up to her was inimitable—a whole page of protest against *twaddle*! if she could but have read it!

Mazzini was here yesterday so *bright* as I hardly ever remember to have seen him. I saw one sunny flash in his eyes which might have been the first waking to life of Pygmalion's statue! his face is all but well now. But besides that, some 'change has come over the spirit of his dream'—I know not what it is—I know only that he looked almost dazzlingly beautiful yesterday and that this beauty was plainly the expression of some inward new-found joy! Elizabeth came in—'the white face with which I had left her on Sunday had haunted her all the afternoon and she could not be easy till she knew how I was'—'but I see,' said she with a peculiar look and tone, 'that you are *QUITE well* now.' The fact was, Mazzini and I had just been regaling ourselves with wine, *figs* and gingerbread, and when the rap came to the door I bade him put away the glasses and he put them into—*my writing desk*! so that when she opened the room door we both presented an unusual appearance of discomposure which Elizabeth whose head is always running on 'what shall I say—strange things upon *my honour*'—interpreted doubtless into 'a delicate embarrassment.' Elizabeth to have been always *virtuous*, as I am sure she has been, has really a curious incapacity of comprehending the simplest *liaison* between man and woman. She would not sit down—but having quite *looked us thro' and thro'* (as she thought) went home 'to write letters.' . . .

I do feel so *tempted* [to run away to Liverpool] almost every day of my life at present for to be here in the present state of Cromwell is almost more than flesh and blood can bear. However there is no use in Jeremiahds over what cannot be helped—Cromwell *must* come to an end or *he* and I will come to an end—and in either case there will be—an end!

God bless you my good Babbie again. Write much—I need it just now. Love to them all and kisses at your discretion.



*To Jeannie Welsh.*

Plattnauer, a German exile, was acting as tutor to the youngest son of the Marquis of Ailesbury :—a picturesque personality and a fine talker. The poor fellow went off his head, and was afterwards rescued by Mrs. Carlyle from a madhouse to which he had been taken.

Empson is Lord Jeffrey's son-in-law.

Tuesday (April 23, 1844).

... My dear I would have given something considerable that you had been here last Sunday morning to have seen Plattnauer's face—while a much more fiery trial was appointed him than that of having to *wash his hands* before Ladies. While we were sitting very peaceably together Lord Jeffrey and Mr. Empson were announced—I sprang up delighted of course to see Jeffrey who had not warned me *this time* of his being come back to town. As it was not our first meeting, however, and I had kissed him sufficiently when he came ten days ago, I was not thinking of going thro' *that ceremony*—but *he* having a strong natural tendency for *cuddling* people (without the slightest earthly harm in it) and taking advantage of his being now near seventy years of age to indulge this *innocent* taste to the fullest extent, took me all in his arms *as usual*—regardless of the presence of Plattnauer, Empson and *Helen* (as indeed he would have done the same before twenty starched Dowagers) and gave me one kiss after another, not '*on the brow*' or any of those delicate spots, but *plump on my lips*!—calling me '*my darling Jeanie!*—*my sweet child!* *my dear love!*'!!! and then when we had got over *the brunt* of the business and sat down on the sofa he ceased not for a moment from kissing my hands, stroking my hair, patting my face—and saying the tenderest things in the tenderest tones! Now all this was nothing at all for Empson or myself, or anyone that knows Jeffrey's *ways* and that knows *his age*—and that knows the sort of *Paternal* affection he has entertained for me upwards of fifteen years. But if you will just look at it with Plattnauer's eyes! My attention was attracted towards him by his *convulsive* snatching up of a newspaper—over which he stooped his head, blushing! Oh merciful heaven *how* he was blushing the poor young man! He seemed only to sit witnessing such superhuman indecorums from the total inability into which his astonishment threw him of going away! At last he *reeled* across the floor and bade me good morning with a look '*significant of much!*' I have heard since that he went

from here to Elizabeth to compliment her on the extraordinary character of *Scotch Salutations* as illustrated in the meeting he had just witnessed betwixt Lord Jeffrey and Mrs. Carlyle.

Elizabeth begged him for God's sake 'not to take the practices of Lord Jeffrey and Mrs. Carlyle as a specimen of the *national manner*'—but said she 'I tried to comfort him by the assurance that Lord Jeffrey was 70 which he would not however believe for he was quite *struck with his handsomeness*'!!! Certainly if he had got *that view of the subject* the procedure was perfectly awful! . . .

*To Jeannie Welsh.*

Geraldine is Miss Jewsbury, the novelist, a lady always in search of passionate emotions, whose first book 'Zoe' was thought to be more immoral than George Sand's. After a too quick 'swearing of eternal friendship,' Mrs. Carlyle was disillusioned by her sentimental effusiveness, her 'tiger-jealousy,' and, with all her cleverness, a lack of common sense; but subsequently her thoughtfulness and care helped Mrs. Carlyle through the first unhappiness of her nervous breakdown, a service that was never forgotten. When she came from Manchester to London, she became Mrs. Carlyle's closest friend, though with a constant reservation as to her practical good sense. It was to her mythopoeic faculty, also, that Froude owed the most fertile source for his theory of the Carlyles.

(Feb. 26, 1845.)

. . . It is quite curious to see the horror excited in some people (and these the least moral) by Geraldine's book while the moralest people of my acquaintance either like it or are not at the pains to abuse it. Even Miss Wilson to whom I dared to lend it—tho' she confessed to never having 'ventured on reading a line of George Sand in her life'—brought it back to me with a *certain equanimity*. 'It is *avowedly* the book of an audacious *esprit fort*, and so of course you did not expect *me* to *approve* of it, nor do I, but I think it very clever and amusing'—voilà tout! while old and young *roués* of the Reform Club almost go off in hysterics over—its *indecenty*. The oddest thing of all is that Geraldine seems to me in the fair way of getting a Husband by it!!! Q. in a fit of distraction took to writing her letters of criticism about it which have led him already further than he thought—and she—has taken or is fast taking '*a fit*' to him—and both I can perceive contemplate a lawful catastrophe. *There* is encouragement to young ladies to write *improper* books. Dearest love to my Uncle

and the rest; write soon, it will help to keep your soul warm—your poor body must take its chance.

*To Jeannie Welsh.*

*Cupid as Vesuvius.* Mrs. Paulet, who came into Mrs. Carlyle's circle through Miss Jewsbury, lived at Seaforth, a house on the Mersey a few miles out of Liverpool. The Pattens were friends of Miss Jewsbury.

(March 8, 1845.)

DEAREST BABBIE—I ought to have returned thanksgiving for the improved state of the weather in writing to my natural friends—but if you knew the worry of correspondence I have been engaged in! I am absolutely sick of the sight of paper and ink. My dear there has been the Devil to pay in Manchester—that was my secret—now however I feel at liberty to speak of it to *you* and *Helen*, so little discretion having been observed by the parties themselves.

A fortnight ago Q. went off to see Geraldine who had already accepted him or to speak more accurately I believe offered herself to him on paper!! I had from the very starting of the correspondence warned them *both* against committing themselves, and declined so much as *forming an opinion* as to the feasibility of the match—so that I had no occasion to have been dragged into their mad doings as I have been. But 'the living—on earth have much to bear.' A few days after Q.'s departure came a letter from Frank Jewsbury—entreating me to interfere to stop proceedings or at least to give recognisances as to Q.—and every day since I have had at least *two* letters on the subject from the several parties—yesterday there were four—two in the morning and ditto at night—this morning I have *three* and heaven knows what the evening post may bring. To all these letters from Frank, Geraldine, Q. and Mrs. Paulet—with whom Q. now is—I answer as briefly as possible—in the spirit of Cassandra, telling them they are all mad—and yet they grow none the wiser. I would not answer at all; if it were not that there is always in their distracted letters some practical question to be answered or some assertion to be refuted. Such letters were never I think since the Minerva Press began showered on the head of any rational woman!

Q.—a very good-natured somewhat chicken-hearted fellow, has been *doing* the Mirabeau of Zoe thinking I suppose that he could not make love to Geraldine more agreeably than after her own ideal of Love. Frank Jewsbury has suddenly revealed himself as

a second Geraldine—full of ‘madness’—‘ready to die,’ in fact reduced to such conditions by his sister’s precipitate resolve as man never was before. Geraldine went off in great style as a Heroine of the first magnitude but that spaened<sup>1</sup> very shortly and [she] has been looking of late days less like a Heroine than a bladder with the wind let out of it. Poor Mrs. Paulet ‘dreams they have both gone mad’ and has had her quiet Seaforth turned into a Bedlam. Q. demanded explanations of Patten—and Patten ‘rung the Hall Bell’ to the rescue.

Q. has told Mrs. Paulet—last letter—that he must *return to me* (oh poor poor me) who have so many times comforted him when no one else could!

Frank Jewsbury concludes his last with ‘Please to write to me and *comfort me if you can!*’ (comfort *thee*, thou poor Manchester dud!) I do not exercise my *mission* so indiscriminately as that comes to! Geraldine writes ‘Oh write to me *can* I break off; for I am *frightened* out of all love.’ ‘Certainly—’ I answer, ‘only fools marry for the sheer sake of keeping their promise.’

Thus Babbie my head is a mess of Manchester *diablerie*—moreover I am getting well—and the first stage of wellness for me is always a long spell of headaches—that will wear off however now that I can walk out a little and in consequence get sleep. . . .

*To Jeannie Welsh.*

(April 5, 1845.)

The whole affair is blown up—for the present—but I am greatly mistaken if Geraldine so soon as she finds that the man takes no further notice of her, do not be at him again—and he is *such* a simpleton poor Q., that anybody with half Geraldine’s art might wheedle him into anything.

Frank Jewsbury has conducted himself like ‘a mad’<sup>2</sup> thro’ the whole business, and his last two letters to me were not the least mad part of his behaviour. Seeing there was no likelihood of his ceasing to pester *me* with his nonsense I poured out a few drops of vitriol on him last Saturday which brought him to his senses with a suddenness! Also on Geraldine a few drops of vitriol, which brought *her* to her senses so far *as I* was concerned—by Monday’s post I had a letter from Frank Jew, making *humble apologies*—from Geraldine Jew, making impossible justifications,

<sup>1</sup> Lowland Scotch for ‘weaned,’ and so, presumably, ‘went off.’

<sup>2</sup> Another of Mazzini’s phrases.

from Q. goodnaturally regretting 'the immense botheration he had given *me* who so little needed it,' but the greatest consolation of all has been a packet of *caricatures* from Mrs. Paulet which made me laugh till the tears ran down. I have seen poor Q. twice since then and have brought *him* pretty well to his senses—his 'madness' is the only *excusable* madness among them—for besides that it was really a mortifying thing for the man to have a *second* marriage break down with him within *two months*, a marriage too which was none of his own seeking—he has poor fellow a *constitutional* tendency of blood to the head which when anything *excites* him violently produces a sort of *brain-fever*.

Geraldine's conduct thro' the affair has been that of an arrant fool, tho' she should have written not one, but twenty clever books. Now she is off to Paris to get the cobwebs blown out of her brain—off with Frank and the—Egyptian!! I am disgusted upon *my* honour, and she judged well not to see me on her way but to defer that pleasure 'till my provocation had subsided.'

*To Jeannie Welsh.*

(June 10, 1845.)

... Geraldine was two days in London and spent most of her time here while the Brother and Sister in law went after sights. I received her very coldly but there is no quarrelling with that creature! Before she had been in five minutes she sat down on the floor at my feet and untied my shoe-strings. 'What are you doing?' I asked. 'Why my dear I am merely going to rub your feet—you looked starved—I am sure your feet have not got well rubbed since I did it myself last year'!! and all the two days she did not leave off rubbing my feet whether I would or no for a quarter of an hour together. I never saw her look so well—she actually looked like a *woman*—not as formerly like a little boy in petticoats. Whether it be her love affair that has developed some new thing in her I cannot say; but there was now and then a gleam on her face that was *attractive*. I could now fancy a *man* marrying her! She had not left this house two minutes on the Sunday night when Q. came! I was so glad they had not met here. ...

*To Jeannie Welsh at Helensburgh.*

The next letters or extracts tell of the early period of acquaintance with Lady Harriet Baring (her husband became Lord Ashburton in 1848).

Monday night (Sept. 30, 1845).

... Lady Harriet is unexpectedly in town for two days—'too ill to go out.' She sent me a note to that effect and the carriage to take me to see her—more than *gracious!* *incomprehensible* upon my honour! She insisted that I had promised to 'give her *my whole winter* at Alverstoke'!—and yet I have an unconquerable persuasion that she does not and never can like me! Well by and by I shall (like John) 'see my way clearly.' . . .

To Jeannie Welsh.

*Admiration without Enthusiasm.*Bay House, Alverstoke,  
Sunday (Nov. 17, 1845).

... Lady Harriet insists we are to stay here 'all the winter'—to stay 'till parliament meets in February'—but I fancy Carlyle's need to be ugly and stupid and disagreeable without restraint (never to speak of my own) will send us back to London in a month or so.

I feel as if I should get on here in an even, middlingly pleasant sort of way. I am not in the horribly excitable state I was in when I went to Addiscombe. I take things now very calmly—almost coolly. Lady Harriet seems a woman of *good sense* and perfect good breeding—and with a person of that sort one need not, unless one be a fool oneself, have any *collisions*—at the same time she seems to me so *systematic* and *superior* to her *natural feelings* that however long and pleasantly I may live beside her I am sure I shall never feel *warm affection* for her nor inspire her with warm affection—her intercourse will remain *an honour for me*, never be a heartfelt delight—as it might be if she were as loving as she is charming—and Bay House will consequently not suit me as well as Seaforth House.<sup>1</sup>

To Jeannie Welsh.

*Lady Harriet's Sincerity.*

Thursday (1846).

... Lady Harriet is returned and seems disposed to keep up our country intimacy—she sends her carriage for me often in the evenings and sends me back—treats me in all respects with a *consideration* for which I cannot but be grateful to her. She never says to anyone that she likes them—she goes upon *the silent system* as to all the thoughts of her *heart*—it is only the thoughts of her

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Paulet's home, near Liverpool.



*head* which she gives one the benefit of—and so she has never *said* what one could call a *kind* word to *me*—but she proves by all her behaviour that she is rather fond of me—the mere fact of her having *kissed* me at parting and meeting again proves more affection for me than twenty reams of protestations from a Geraldine would do—for her Ladyship is *sincere* to death—and would think much less of boxing the ears of a person indifferent to her than of kissing her ! for my part I *love* her now as much as I *admired* her in the beginning. She is the only woman of *Genius* I have found amongst all our pretenders to it. I only wish I had got to know her twenty years ago when I was better capable of enjoying the advantages of such an acquaintance—the ‘getting-on-in-Society’ part of it looks to me often enough a practical irony at this time of day rather than a good fortune to thank my stars for.

You would be amused to see the increase of charm I have for the smaller gentry since Lady Harriet took me up ! I could not help answering a *kind* note I had from Lady Montague the other day *after a twelve-months’ silence*—in a tone of very *frank sarcasm*. . . .

To Helen Welsh.

*The Life of a Great Lady.*

Chelsea, Friday (June 26, 1846).

DEAREST HELEN,—I would have answered your letter in the *enthusiasm of the moment* if the moment had not been needed for more practical purposes. There was much to be put straight on my return *morally* as well as *materially*, and I had not even my *normal* amount of force either moral or material to bring to the work : for the excitement of a houseful of the most exciting and excited people during the last ten days had been a prodigious over-balance to the ‘*pure air*’ and other advantages of Addiscombe. The more I see of aristocratic life, the more I wonder how people with the same system of nerves as oneself, and with the same human needs, can keep themselves alive in it—and *sane* ! Lady Harriet especially, who is the woman of largest intellect I have ever seen—how *she* can reconcile herself to a life which is after all a mere dramatic representation, however successful, fills me with astonishment and a *certain* sorrow. But like the pigs they ‘are used to it,’ and nobody, I fancy, knows till he try how difficult it is to tear himself loose from the network of Lilliputian pack-threads in which our nobility grow up from their earliest days. A *poor* woman has enough of serious occupation cut out for her

by the nature of things—sometimes *more* than is good for her—and therein lies *her* grievance—we in *our* sphere have also something given us to *do*—how far it may suit our taste is another question and a secondary one—we see at least how our activity may be turned to account better or worse. But a great Lady—should *she* take a notion to wrap herself in a blanket and go to sleep like *Beauty* for a hundred years; what would stand still that needs to go forwards? Only herself! And should she take the better notion to put away Great-Lady-things and lead a rational useful life, how is she to set about it? How extricate herself from the imposed *do-nothingism* of her *position*? As Lady Harriet herself once said to me ‘one would have to begin by quarrelling with all one’s husband’s relations and one’s own’—a beginning that one may be excused for finding rather questionable! No! it is not *easy* for a Great Lady in these days to be anything but ‘an ornament to Society in every direction,’ and *that* her Ladyship succeeds in being—to perfection! The old illustration of the camel passing thro’ the eye of a needle still holds good. Let those who are not in the camel’s shoes, among whom are you—and I—be thankful—tho’ cooks may sometimes give one a deal of trouble—and holed stockings may accumulate into a small Ben Lomond while one is away on a visit—and other the like nuisances render one’s career of household activity often enough anything but a *pleasurable* one! Now, what has tempted me into this moral-essay style, I have not the slightest conception! When I sat down to write I did not feel at all *preachingly* disposed. But I am in the habit of letting my pen go its own way, and this is the way it has gone.

The Cromwell-turmoil is again subsiding and the second edition will be out in a few weeks. ‘*Thanks God!*’<sup>1</sup> and now I hope we shall really be done with that man! If he had been my husband’s own Father he could not have gone thro’ more hardship for him! We have lived ‘in the valley of the shadow’ of Cromwell now, as of Death, for some three years. But everything comes to an end if one have patience. What is to come next Heaven knows. We have been enquiring all about for houses in the country—without, it seems to me, much chance or even *much intention* of a practical result. Sometimes—in desperately bilious days Carlyle speaks of returning to Scotland and living *there* ‘in seclusion for his few remaining years.’ I do not look for much practical result

<sup>1</sup> A Mazzinian phrase.

to *that* idea either. Still this perpetual talk of moving takes away all one's pleasure (such as it was) in Chelsea. I feel myself no longer in a *home* but in a *tent* to be struck any day that the commanding officer is sufficiently bilious. . . .

*To Helen Welsh.*

*Lady Harriet's Cleverness in Managing People.*

Wednesday (Jan. 20 or 27, 1847.)

. . . Lady H. received me most kindly with a certain recognition of my *weak* state—hardly to have been hoped from her. She actually ordered me some hot soup—*before* dinner—and had assigned *me* the largest bedroom this time and C. my old little one. There is no soul here but herself. . . .

I do not know how long we shall stay. Lady H. does not mean to go to Town till the 1st of March—and 'really *does* hope that now I *am* here, I will stay—and let Mr. C. go back by himself if he wishes it—he might really spare me a while for my good.' She will read no German with him. 'Now that her health is so improved she has no longer any pretence for giving up society—and she cannot carry on *that* and find time for studying languages.' Moreover she has got a green parrot—to which she pays the most marked attentions even in spite of his calling it a *green chimera*. And the Parrot does not mind interrupting *him* when he is speaking—does not fear to *speak thro' him* (as the phrase is), and her Ladyship *listens to the parrot*—even when C. is saying the most sensible things! By Heaven she is *the very cleverest* woman I ever saw or heard of. *She can* do what she wills with her own. I am perfectly certain there is not a created being alive whom she could not gain within twenty-four hours after she set her mind to it. Just witness myself—how she plies *me* round her little finger whenever she sees I am taking a reactionary turn. . . .

*To Jeannie Welsh.*

*To Dinner with Dickens—Rogers' ill-natured Enquiries.*

Holy Thursday (1848) (?)

DEAREST BABBIE,—Your *unreproachingness* is touching—upon my honour—almost equal to Mrs. Allan Cunningham's who, when I called for her the other evening, after having let her alone for some eighteen months, during which interval she had left two cards at this house, exclaimed, heartily clasping me in her large arms :

'Oh Mrs. Carlyle I'm ashamed to look you in the face!' There is more human patience and goodness in the world, than I gave it credit for. And it is rational of you as well as patient and good, to believe that my silence has not been this time more than any other time the natural expression of my feelings towards you—the more I have to say to you always, the less I like to write—the things I have to say being for most part Lamentations of Jeremiah, for which transient human breath is only too good. To *write* Lamentations has always you know been contrary to my ideas—and is. . . .

I have been to several parties—a dinner at Dickens's last Saturday where I never went before. 'A great fact!' Forster might have called it. Such getting up of the steam is unbecoming to a literary man who *ought* to have his basis elsewhere than on what the old Annandale woman called 'Ornament and grander.' The dinner was served up in the new fashion—not placed on the table at all—but handed round—only the dessert on the table and quantities of *artificial* flowers—but such an overloaded dessert! pyramids of figs, raisins, oranges—ach! At the Ashburton dinner served on those principles there were just *four cowslips* in china pots—four silver shells containing sweets, and a silver filigree temple in the middle! but here the very candles rose each out of an artificial rose! Good God! Mrs. Gaskell the Authoress of *Mary Barton* was there. I had already seen her at my own house, a natural unassuming woman whom they have been doing their best to spoil by making a lioness of her. Before dinner, old Rogers, who ought to have been buried long ago, so old and ill-natured he is grown, said to me pointing to a chair beside him, 'Sit down my Dear—I want to ask you; is your husband as much infatuated as ever with Lady Ashburton?' 'Oh of course,' I said *laughing*, 'why shouldn't he?' 'Now—do *you* like her—tell me honestly is she kind to *you*—as kind as she is to your husband?' 'Why you know it is impossible for *me* to know *how* kind she is to my husband; but I *can* say she is extremely kind to *me* and I should be stupid and ungrateful if I did *not* like her.' 'Humph! (disappointedly). Well! it is very good of you to like her when she takes away all your husband's company from you—he is always there isn't he?' 'Oh good gracious no! (still *laughing admirably*). He writes and reads a great deal in his own study.' 'But he spends all his evenings with her I am told?' 'No—not all—for example you see he is *here* this evening.' 'Yes,'

he said in a tone of vexation, 'I see he is here *this* evening—and hear him too—for he has done nothing but talk across the room since he came in.' Very devilish old man! but he got no satisfaction to his devilishness out of me—

'On Earth the living  
Have much to bear!' . . .<sup>1</sup>

*To Helen Welsh.*

*Dressing Dolls at the Grange.*

The Grange, Alresford, Hants,  
Saturday ('Xmas, 1851).

DEAREST HELEN,—Your note followed me here without delay and now here is the direct address for you. Recollect moreover that when one is on a visit, the time seems always much longer than when in the monotonous routine of home—so by next week it will be seeming a month since I had news of my Uncle. Also to touch your heart as much as possible; let me add; that the very day after I arrived, I took cold which has been keeping me in-doors till I am grown quite *low*, and *imaginative*, after my bad fashion, to an even unusual degree. Happily there are no visitors here except the old Countess of Sandwich, Lady Ashburton's Mother, and the days pass quite calmly in—dressing dolls! If I had to sit thro' long dinners and take part in '*wits*,' I could not hold out on my legs 24 hours. But that doll-dressing suits me entirely. There is to be a fine Christmas tree for Lady A.'s school children and *seven* dolls form part of the gifts. They were bought *naked*, except for a wrappage of silkpaper and a piece of cotton wool on each of their noses to prevent damage to that interesting feature, and Lady A., tho' not much given to a credulous faith in her fellow creatures, *actually* hoped that her Lady's Maid and the Housekeeper, and *their* numerous subordinates would *take an interest* in these dolls and dress or assist *her* to dress them. But not a bit—not only did they show themselves impassive in the dressing question but not a rag of ribbon or any sort of scrap would they produce so that Lady A. had to *insist* on the Housekeeper giving some pieces of furniture chintz to make frocks for the dolls and to write to London, to her *ci-devant* Lady's Maid for some scraps!! The very footmen won't *carry the dolls* backwards and forwards! When told to bring one or to desire Josephine (The Lady's maid) to bring

<sup>1</sup> From Tieck's *Phantasms*, the trusty Eckart of Carlyle's translation.

one they simply disappear and no doll comes! I remarked on this with some impatience yesterday, and Lady A. answered, 'Perfectly true, Mrs. Carlyle—they *won't bring the doll!*—I know it as well as you do—but what would you have me do?—turn all the servants men and women out of the house on account of these dolls? for *it would come to that*—if I made a point of their *doing anything in the doll line!* Perhaps it would be the right thing to do—but then what should we do next week without servants when all the company come?' Such is the slavery the grandest people live under *to what they call* their '*inferiors.*'

Ask my Uncle 'why does a duck put his head under water?'

Answer—'For *diver's* reasons.'

Lord Ashburton is gone into Devonshire till this day week when plenty of company comes—among the rest Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Twistleton. Then we stay on together till after Christmas—betwixt the 18th and 22nd the house is to be as full as it can hold—Macaulay, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord and Lady Grey, the Humphrey Mildmays etc. etc. God grant my cold be gone before then. I have kept myself quiet hitherto by an internal resolution, that should I grow *too ill* for taking part in the treadmill of society,—have to go to bed and that sort of thing—on no account to do it *here*, but put myself on the railway *at all risks* and go straight home to my own house where I might at least die without being considered a bore. . . .

*To Helen Welsh.*

*A Christmas Tree at the Grange.*

The Grange (December 27, 1851).

... Our Christmas Tree came off with great success on Wednesday evening. It stood in the middle of the servants' Hall which was profusely decorated with evergreens, and inscriptions written in red berries '*God save the Queen!*'—'*Long live Lord and Lady Ashburton &c. &c.*'—the tree was a fir tree six feet high—stuck quite full of apples and walnuts gilded with Dutch leaf—lighted coloured wax tapers—and little bundles of comfits—the presents, of which the seven dolls were much the finest, lay on a table erected all round the tree and covered with white cloths—the forty-eight children with their school mistress and Mothers and most of the servants, were ranged round while Lady A., attended by his Lordship, the Clergyman and his wife and two daughters, Mr. C. and



myself, distributed the presents calling up each child by name and saying something graceful and witty along with the doll, top, or whatever it might be. Mr. C. had begged to have a map of the world in pieces given to *him*, which was done very cleverly—‘Thomas Carlyle—the *Scholar*,’ shouted her Ladyship and the *Scholar* himself advanced—‘*There is a map of the world for you—see that you put it all together and make the pieces fit.*’ *The scholar* made his bow, and looked as enchanted as any little boy or girl among them—there was afterwards some *mumming* executed before us by country lads in paper dresses—and then we came away leaving the children and their mothers to enjoy the mugs of tea with large junks of currant loaf spread for them on a long table. The whole thing had a very *fine effect*—and might have given occasion for a laudatory newspaper paragraph, but one reflection that I could not help making rather spoiled it for *me*—viz: that the whole *forty-eight* presents had cost just 2 pounds twelve and sixpence; having been bought in the Lowther Arcade the most rubbishy place in London—with a *regard of expense* that would have been meritorious in the like of us but which seemed to me—what shall I say?—*incomprehensible*—in a person with an income of £40,000 a year—and who gives balls at the cost of £700 each, or will spend £100 on a china jar! I should have liked each child to have got at least a *frock* given it—when one was going to look munificent. But everyone has his own notions on spending money.

For the rest it has been what Miss Farrer would call ‘a dreadful *slow* Christmas’ except for the servants who had a ball last night which lasted till six in the morning—we upstairs were in the reactionary state of our company spirits of last week. But Thackeray and Miss Farrer come to-day—and the steam must be got up again. . . .

*To Helen Welsh.*

*How Carlyle Tenderly Evaded a Promise.*

Friday (Jan. 1, 1847).

. . . I had another surprise—very great—on the Christmas Day—almost ‘too great for anything’ in fact. You know I daresay Carlyle’s sacred horror of shopping. To such an extent had he brought it, that he could never be induced to order even his own

coats and trowsers at the tailor's until three or four years ago, that having sent me to get him a coat, I ordered one *sky blue* with *yellow buttons* which made him 'an ornament to Society in every direction'—and quite shook his faith in my judgement (he told me) 'So far as *the dressing of him* was concerned.' You may imagine then what a thing it must be for a man thus puzzled to buy his own *indispensables* when he has not only to buy but devise a *present* for someone. Accordingly he never dreamt of making me presents till in these last three years that a most kind and considerate motive has induced him to *give me something* on birth-days and new years' days<sup>1</sup>—but the pleasure of receiving his little gifts is always spoiled for me by thinking of the plague he must have had in realizing them—with such a habit of mind! So I asked him the other day to promise that he would do what I asked without knowing what it was—on assurance that the thing was easy and rational—and then when he had promised, I told him he was not to *give me anything on new year's day*! He laughed very much and repeated that he would not. But to reconcile his promise with his wish to show his kindness what does he do but sally forth and buy me a present for Christmas, and in a fit of audacity almost incredible the thing he chose to buy was—a cloak!—a woman's cloak!—and when he came in on Christmas morning to ask how I was he cunningly slipt it down on the chair at the bottom of my bed where I first noticed it when I was putting on my clothes at midday. It happened that just at that moment I was thinking of the warm dressing-gown which used to be sent *him* every Christmas by *her*—and all the flannel petticoats and night-caps and thoughtful things of her own making for myself; my heart was full of sorrow—and just then I saw on the chair what seemed a new dressing-gown—like the former ones—there was something perfectly bewildering in the vision. I stood staring at the thing uncertain if I was going mad and merely *fancying to see it*—at last in a sort of desperation I laid hold of it and found it was a woman's cloak—and then I understood the whole matter—but I was made horribly sad and nervous by it for the whole day. Poor Carlyle! his gift deserved to have excited gladder feelings—however I did my best to *look glad* over it before him—and he was much consoled by my assurance that *it could be worn*. He had bought it 'by *gas light*' he said and 'felt quite desperate about it when he saw it in the

<sup>1</sup> To fill the void left by the death of her mother, who had always sent presents on these anniversaries.

morning.' But it is a wonderful cloak for *him* to have bought—warm, and not *very* ugly—and a good shape—only entirely unsuitable to the rest of my habiliments! being a *brownish* colour with *orange spots* and a brown velvet collar!!

But oh the head of me does ache to-day. So I *must* have done. Love and kisses.

To Helen Welsh.

A Child's Visit.

Saturday (Jan. 20, 1849).

DEAREST HELEN,—What a shame! The only real business I have '*here down*' (as Mazzini used to say) seems to be writing to the people who like to hear from me—and see how I bestir myself in *that*! The fact is; nobody that is much caring to do ever the '*things that they ought to do*' and even the things they *intend* to do should live in London—even on the most domestic principles; there being here a *parti pris* on the side of the *pigs* to '*run thro*' all one's '*best laid schemes*'! I have been interrupted dreadfully these two weeks, but the wonderfulest '*go*' of all has been a *child*! Yes, indeed! I have had a child—to keep—to sit at meat with, and *sleep* with (good God!) and dress dolls for, and wash and comb and all that sort of thing—and also (—most fatiguing of all—) to *protect* it from Mr. C. who gave manifest indications of a tendency to wring its neck! Where did I pick the creature up? Ah, my dear! the creature picked up *me*—'*quite promiscuously.*' I went some six weeks ago to call at the Macreadys—and dined at the children's dinner and was reminded that I had a godchild, *by seeing it*. Not one god-motherly thing had I ever done towards that child! and really it was a godchild to be proud of, so now I took it on my knee and kissed it and, like a fool, asked '*Will you go with me?*' '*I should like it very much,*' said the child. '*That she would,*' said the mother, '*and you need not be afraid of her misconducting herself for she is a good child.*' I saw the thing had been taken on the *serious* so I backed out of it as well as I could. '*Some time we shall see!—when I come again with a carriage.*' Well! ten days ago I went there again with Anthony Sterling, and was asked gravely by the eldest daughter if I '*meant to take Jane Lydia back with me?*' '*She had never ceased talking about her visit since I had been there.*' I was in for it! so I said '*not*

to-day' (if was necessary to prepare C.'s mind as well as my own) 'but if her mother would bring her any day she liked to name I should do my best with her.' So Saturday was named, and the little creature delivered over to me in a transport of joy (hardly mutual) to stay 'as long as I could be troubled to keep her'—I modestly suggested that three days and three nights—just the time that Jonah was in the whale's belly—would probably be enough of it for *her* as well as for me—and the mother went and I remained alone, with a child of six years—very *stirring* and very small and delicate! During the first day I 'ran horses' at her bidding, and performed my new functions with a determined energy—but the night came, I durst not put her to sleep in the spare room—for fear of her crying in the night—and awaking Mr. C., and being herself very miserable, so after infinite perplexity in getting off her clothes (all *sewed* together) I laid her in my own bed, where she soon commenced—singing! after an hour's waiting upon her I left her still awake. When I went up again she was asleep, but lying right *across* the bed—at twelve I placed her properly, and went into bed myself, but of course not to sleep: all night long she pitched into my breast with her active little heels—and when she awoke at seven and threw her arms about my neck calling out 'Oh I am so glad to be here!' I had not once closed my eyes, and in this state to have to wash and dress her and play at horses again!—it was a strange and severe penalty for being a Godmother. Next night I put her in the spare bed at all risks—with a good fire and trusted in Providence—and she did very well there—but I had got some cold by the job and the idea of being *laid up* in such a cause after having got so far thro' the winter on foot—was very vexatious. So I kept the house a few days and when the child's time came Anthony Sterling took her home for me!! I have a great quantity more to tell you about this 'go' and other things, but Mr. C. has been bothering ever since I began to write about helping him to pack a boxful of old clothes and things for Scotsbrig—and in an hour I have to be off to Mrs. Buller so I will finish this letter to Babbie—God bless you all!

Your affectionate,  
JANE WELSH.

*To Helen Welsh.*

*Her dog Nero is Lost and Found.*

Sunday (1846?).

Yesterday I went with Miss Farrar to buy some pots of flowers, and when she had terminated her bargaining with the man—(she has a mania for beating people down in their prices, that young lady!)—I perceived that I had lost—Nero! After looking all about for him, I hurried back home and when the door was opened he bounded out into my arms. Ann said 'he got a lady to knock at the door for him!'—'The lady said 'wasn't this our dog, she had found him very unhappy in the streets.' I said to Miss Farrar, 'I wonder he followed a stranger lady home.' 'Pooh!' says Miss Farrar, 'depend on it the lady followed *him* home, by way of looking obliging!' The half-hour's fright however had given me what Ann called 'quite a turn'—I could stand the creature's loss now less than ever. Tom Taylor has made a poor thing of the stealing of *Mrs. Baker's Pet*—Mrs. Baker is not half *miserable* enough—only very foolish. By the way how is Mary's blessed Tearem? Her attachment to that, I must say not very lovely dog, was quite beautiful, so superior to both abuse and ridicule. . . .

*To Jeannie Welsh.*

*Nero Tries to Fly.*

5 Cheyne Row, Monday (March 28, 1850).

DEAREST BABBIE,—I came back from Addiscombe on Thursday afternoon and ever since have been spending half my time in bed. Of course I caught a bad cold, that house being incapable of getting itself heated in cold weather—fortunately the mischief lying in me did not *explode* until the day after my return—*there* I kept up appearances well enough, and *here* I can get my bed kept without annoyance to anybody, except perhaps poor little Nero, who feels it his duty to remain there while I do, and has nobody to take him out for a run—besides missing various lumps of sugar and occasional windfalls of that sort which make life more of a pleasure to him when I am on foot.

He has had another wonderful escape, that dog! I begin to think he 'bears a charmed life.' This time the danger was entirely of his own seeking. Imagine his taking it into his head

that he could *fly*—like the birds—if he tried! and actually trying it—out at the library window! For a first attempt his success was not so bad; for he fairly cleared the area spikes—and tho' he *did* plash down on the pavement at the feet of an astonished Boy, he broke no bones, was only quite *stunned*. He gave us a horrid fright, however. It was after breakfast, and he had been standing at the open window, watching the birds—one of his chief delights—while Elizabeth<sup>1</sup> was 'dusting out' for Mr. C. Lying in my bed, I heard thro' the deal partition Elizabeth scream, 'Oh, God! oh, Nero!' and rush downstairs like a strong wind out at the street door. I sat up in my bed aghast—waiting with a feeling as of the Heavens falling till I heard her reascending the stairs and then I sprang to meet her in my night shift. She was white as a sheet, ready to faint—could just say, 'Oh, *take him!*' the dog's *body* lay on her arm! '*Is he killed?*' I asked with *terrible self-possession*. 'Not quite—I think, all *but!*'

Mr. C. came down from his bedroom with his chin all over soap, and asked, 'has anything happened to Nero?' 'Oh Sir he *must* have broken *all* his legs, he leapt out at *your* window!' 'God bless me!' said Mr. C. and returned to finish his shaving—I sat down on the floor and laid my insensible dog over my knees, but could see no *breakage*—only a *stun*. So I took him to bed with me—*under* the clothes—and in an hour's time he was as brisk and active as ever. I wonder if he intends to persevere in learning to fly—for I don't think either my own or my maid's nerves can stand it! . . .

<sup>1</sup> The servant of that date.

NOTE.—The volume from which these extracts are taken, *Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to her Family, 1839–1863*, will be published by Mr. Murray in the course of next month.



## SELF-SUPPORTING VILLAGE CLUBS.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF VILLAGERS AND INCIDENTALLY OF  
RATE-PAYERS.

BY EDITH SELLERS.

I ONCE spent a month in an English village, where most of the men seemed to turn their steps instinctively towards the public-house when their day's work was done. Such of them as had money in their pockets, or were deemed worthy of credit, made their way straight to the bar-parlour; and there, having ordered their glasses, they installed themselves for the evening. As for the luckless ones who had neither money nor credit, they lounged about the door, sat on the bridge just beyond; or, if it rained, took shelter in the inn shed. There they were sure of being joined sooner or later by friends, who, being in the same sad plight as themselves, would join with them in railing against the Powers-that-be and the weather. Saturday being their pay-day, on Saturday nights they all went into the bar-parlour; and there they sat, drinking and smoking, laughing, talking and quarrelling the while, until closing-time came. Then they betook themselves home, awakening the whole village with their shouts and noisy horse-play as they went.

Now that inn-parlour was a hot stuffy place; and the drink that was served there was none of the best, although its price was undoubtedly high. Thus, had those men not spent their time there, and with it their money, they would, the chances are, have been better all-round, in health and in temper, as well as in estate. Their heads would have been clearer, their bodies stronger, their fingers more deft; they would, in fact, have been better fitted both for work and for play, better fitted to get something worth having out of life. Moreover, not only they, but their wives and children, would have been better housed, fed, and clothed; for they would have had more money to spend on comforts, had they not gone to the inn and spent money there. And quite a fair number of them had no great wish to go to the inn. They went there simply because, in that village as in many another, there was nowhere else where they could go, with even a fair chance of finding someone to talk to, something to hear or to read.

There was no public resort of any kind in that village, not a railway station, not even a shop where a newspaper could be bought. Unless they went to the inn, they must, let the weather be what it would, hang about the roadside, or stay in their own cottages, where there was hardly space in which to turn round. And there, more often than not, boys and girls were making an uproar, even if a baby was not crying. Little wonder, therefore, they went where they did; little wonder either that the more vigorous among them, finding life intolerable, shook the dust of the village from off their feet and made their way into towns, to the detriment not only of themselves, but of the whole community.

In every village where the public-house is the only place in which the villagers can spend their evenings in anything like comfort, in or near that house they will, for the most part, spend them; practically, in winter, they have no alternative. And in every village where, beyond going to the public-house, there is no pleasure to be had, nothing in the way of recreation, most of the young men and women will, sooner or later, drift into towns: that is a foregone conclusion. It behoves us all therefore, surely, not only for the sake of the villages, but for that of the whole community, to see to it, so far as we can, that there is in every village some place besides a public-house where evenings may be spent, and where recreation is to be found. And fortunately that can be done, if enough care and trouble be taken, without any great outlay of money; for village clubs are not expensive luxuries. When once they are built and equipped, it does not pass the wit of even the fairly intelligent to work them on self-supporting lines. And the building and equipping of a club does not necessarily entail any very great outlay. I have been in countries where old barns and tumble-down cottages have been turned into meeting-houses—i.e. village halls or clubs—at the cost of £5, perhaps, or even less. The local builders, joiners, painters, etc., all combined to do the turning gratis; while their women-folk combined to do the upholstery and decoration—out of odds and ends more often than not. And very attractive places they are, as a rule. Even in England, there are villages in which, by dint of titivation, Army huts have been transformed into halls where men may spend their leisure time in pleasant surroundings, and with great profit alike to their bodies and minds.

Still, a club specially designed and built as a meeting-house serves its purpose much better, and much longer, of course, than

one that is merely adapted ; and any kindly person who—or far-sighted Parish Council that—provides one is undoubtedly a public benefactor : he renders a great service to his fellows, especially to such of them as are villagers ; and also, incidentally, to such as are rate-payers. It would be hard, indeed, to think of a better, safer, or more profitable way of spending money, one more sure to make for peace in the land, more sure to render villagers' lives better worth living, and thus put an end to that drifting into towns that is working so much havoc, raising rates and taxes the while, in both villages and towns.

In England the building of a village club costs many times five pounds. For the club must, to serve its purpose, contain a recreation-room large enough for all the adults in the village, and for a mile or so beyond, to sit there comfortably. There must also be space enough for a billiard table and card tables ; and at one end of the room there must be a raised platform, so that lectures, concerts, theatricals may be given from time to time, debates be held, and even dances. It must also contain a smaller room for those who wish to read in peace ; and, if it could have enough land attached to it for horizontal poles, a bowling-green, and a rifle-range, its value as a village asset would, of course, be greatly increased ; and, in most villages, without any great increase in its cost.

The club ought to be pretty, of course, but it need not be ornate ; the simpler it is, indeed, the better, as then the villagers feel at home when they go there. And if no money is wasted on superfluous decorations, for £500<sup>1</sup> a club with a recreation-room large enough to afford seats for 100 men and women, or for 150, if the tables were removed and benches put in their place, could be built solidly and well in the average village ; and the land for it to stand on could be paid for. And the fitting of it up—i.e. providing it with chairs, tables (not a billiard table), heating and lighting apparatus, curtains, etc.—need not cost more than £100. Thus for £600 a village club could be built and equipped large enough to serve as a meeting-house for all the men and women in an average village and the little hamlets around ; a club with plenty of air and light, comfortable seats on which to sit, prettily tinted walls, too, and even curtains in harmony with the walls. For paints and stuffs cost much the same whether beautiful or hideous.

<sup>1</sup> This statement is founded on estimates supplied to me by builders.

Now £600 is not a high price to pay, surely, for the satisfaction of giving a helping hand to a hundred country folk or more, giving them the chance of wholesome recreation, of pleasure, of a sorely needed change; the chance, in fact, of leading lives better worth living than the lives they are leading now. Unfortunately, these are lean-kine days; and it is not everyone who has even £600 to spare. Still, if everyone who not only has £600 to spare but could spare it without ever missing it, were to build a village club, I very much doubt whether a single village in all England would be left clubless. Moreover, for everyone who could spare £600, there are many who could spare £400; and many, many more who could spare £200. And for £400 a Club of asbestos could be built; and even for £200 a club could be set up, for Army huts are still to be bought. And the bare cost of an Army hut 60 feet by 20 is only £35; the full cost when fixed up, fitted up, and all ready for use, would therefore not be more than £200.

In spite of the fact that for £600 a club solid enough to last for generations could be provided, and one that would last for fifteen years at least for £200, there are in England to-day thousands of villages in which there are no meeting-places of any sort, barring public-houses. Thanks to the gallant efforts of Sir Henry Rew and his Association, a fair number of clubs have been built, it is true, during the last few years; but not a tithe of those that are needed. A fair number more would, however, have been built, were it not that they who could and would have built them, were in doubt as to what they could do with them when built they were. For many a man who is quite prepared to build a village club, is not prepared to endow it, is not willing, not able, perhaps, to organise it or work it. He, therefore, very naturally, ponders well before beginning to build it; and, through the fear of having it left on his hands, he ends, as a rule, by not building it.

If our Rural Councils were quite what they ought to be, they would, of course, gladly undertake to organise and work any village club, that was offered to them, even though that meant defraying the cost of its maintenance. In Denmark, such Councils not only organise, work, and maintain meeting-houses, but they build them, if needs be. For they hold that it is just as much their duty to see that every village has some such place, as to see that it has water. Here, sad to say, it is quite otherwise; here Councils are prone to look askance on offers of village clubs, and even to refuse them. The maintenance of a club costs money, they argue, and rate-

payers' money must not be spent on providing fires and lights for rooms in which folk just amuse themselves—read, gossip, play games, and dance. In that, however, they are surely wrong. For it must, from the rate-payers' point of view, be better to spend money on the upkeep of a club rather than on that of a workhouse or a prison. And the men who pass their evenings in village clubs have certainly a better chance of leading decent lives, keeping themselves fit the while, and therefore self-supporting, than the men who pass them in bar-parlours, fuddling their brains with drink which they must buy whether they wish or not.

The Government would undoubtedly have done a good stroke of business for rate-payers and tax-payers alike, if, when the war was over, they had presented each one of their Army huts to some village that had no club. If they had, there would now be many more men on the land than there are; and the men who are there would be stronger in body and mind, as well as more content with their lot.

It is always desirable that the Parish Council should be the owner of the village club, not so much because it can provide the money wherewith to defray any expense the club may entail, as because it represents the whole village. And the club must belong to the whole village, if it is to be a real meeting-house. Every adult villager must regard it as his or hers, a place to which he—or she—has the right to go, so long as he obeys the rules and regulations in force there.

Still, should a Council shirk its duty and refuse the offer of a club, the would-be donor need not be left with the club he has built on his hands; nor need the village, for the benefit of which it was built, be left without it. Within hailing distance of practically every village, there are suitable persons who would gladly accept a club in trust for the village, were it offered to them; and these trustees could either work it themselves, or delegate the working of it to a Committee chosen from among the villagers by the villagers themselves, with or without a few members appointed by the trustees or co-opted.

One of the most successful village clubs I have ever come across in England, was run for many years by a Committee of working-class villagers, with the occasional help of a barrister. The donor of the hall had appointed certain residents in the district to hold it in trust for the village; and they—some of them were ex-officio trustees—delegated the working of it to the Villagers' Committee.

And so well did the Committee men do their work, that before long the club had become the social centre of the village, and was practically self-supporting. They had no wages to pay, it is true; as, attached to the building there were two rooms for a caretaker; and there was always some elderly couple at hand well content to keep the place clean, in return for being allowed to live in the rooms and provided with fires and lights. For all the other expenses in connexion with the club, the Committee were responsible; on them devolved the duty of raising the money required.

When once a village club is built and fitted up, its working expenses are not great, providing it is worked by those who take a pride in working it economically and well; and who must themselves raise every penny they spend. The place must, of course, be kept in repair, painted from time to time; it must be cleaned, lighted, and heated. It must also be supplied with newspapers, magazines, books, etc.; and entertainments must be given there. Still there is nothing in all that that need cost more money than can be raised in the average village.

Repairs, although the word now sounds ominous, do not, in the case of a two-roomed club, cost much, in normal times, especially when a whole village is on the alert to see that they are done as cheaply and well as possible; to see, also, that it is only the repairs entailed by fair wear and tear that are paid for by the Club Committee, those entailed by wilful damage being paid for by the doers. For the first five years after the opening of the building, the cost of repairs would be practically nil, experts in such matters maintain; and later it would not be more than £10 a year on the average. Cleaning is a heavier item; still, cleaning may be combined with caretaking; and, in a village there is always someone who would gladly do both for 10s. a week, with a tip on entertainment nights. Even lighting and heating need not cause any great expense, as, for a good third of the year no heating is required, and not much lighting; while neither are required for more than four or five hours a day, excepting when there are dances.

In a large hall that I know, one in which there is not only a recreation-room, reading-room and a library, but also a billiards room and a room for whist drives, the cost of lighting and heating together was only £52 last year. In a hall that has only an entertainment room and a reading-room, therefore, lighting and heating could hardly cost more than £20.



With regard to newspapers, a village club, we must not forget, can always count safely on having a certain number presented to it. The *Daily Telegraph* for one is sent post-paid gratis to all village clubs that apply for it; while illustrated papers are often sent regularly by those who subscribe for them. Thus, if the villagers are willing to wait for the illustrated papers until they are a few days old, the papers the Committee must buy do not cost more than 1s. 6d. a week. As for magazines and books, they need not, to begin with, cost anything; for there is hardly a rural district so desolate but there is someone there from whom they may be begged or borrowed. As for entertainments, they, if properly managed, far from entailing outlay are a source of income as well as of pleasure. Thus, when once a two-roomed hall is built and equipped, its working expenses need not for the first five years amount to more than £50 a year—i.e. cleaning and caretaking £26; lighting and heating, £20; newspapers, £3 18s.; and not to more than £60, even when repairs have to be reckoned with.

That is the sum the Managing Committee must be prepared to raise year by year, unless indeed the club has either an endowment fund, or well-to-do friends willing to subsidise it. And if the club is to fulfil its mission as a social centre, the less it has to do with endowments and subsidies the better. Not but that well-to-do friends may be a valuable asset, if what they give is their time and work, not presents, excepting presents in kind. So far as money is concerned, when once the club is there, all ready for use, it ought to be self-supporting, as otherwise its members will never feel that it is quite their own, not only a place where they have the right to go, but a something that belongs to them, for which they are responsible and for which they must not only work, but take thought. 'What's got for nowt ain't worth owt' is a saying to which in rural districts great faith is pinned.

It would, of course, be for the Committee to decide how the £50 or £60 a year wherewith to run the club should be raised. They might decide to raise it by fixing the members' subscriptions high enough to cover the whole amount; but if they did, I am inclined to think, they would be ill-advised. For although £60 divided among a hundred members would be only 12s. a year per member, there are in most villages many men, and still more women, who would think many times, and with good reason, before spending 12s. on a club ticket. If the price of a ticket is more than 6s. a

year—i.e. 1s. 6d. a quarter—there is no chance of all the men and women in the district becoming members; and were it fixed at 5s. the chance would be much better than even at 6s. And at 5s. a year per member, a club with a hundred members or even fewer, can be worked on self-supporting lines, providing it has the good luck to have on its Committee men and women who are ingenious and enterprising, as well as active and willing to take trouble; providing, too, they are given a free hand to make a charge for admission to the club on the nights when certain entertainments are being held there, dances especially.

In many of the foreign meeting-houses there is no charge for membership; the money for the working expenses, if not provided by the local authorities, being raised by giving entertainments. And there is fairly strong evidence that that could also, if necessary, be done in England. In one village club that I know, £25 was cleared last year by the dances its Managing Committee gave; £25 more by the billiard table, for the use of which the charge is 2d. a game for each player; £8, by the library, and £12, by letting out the entertainment-hall for private festivities. Thus £70 was cleared in addition to what was cleared by concerts, theatricals, etc. And even for the dances, the cost of the tickets was only 1s. each for members, and 1s. 6d. for outsiders; while for all the other entertainments it was lower; for most of the lectures, indeed, nothing at all.

That is a large and beautiful club, it is true; and it was extremely well equipped when the Committee undertook to work it. Still, in much smaller and humbler clubs equally good results have been obtained. In one that is only an old Y.M.C.A. hut, £14 13s. 6d. was cleared by the entertainments given there in the course of last February—viz. £8 12s. 0d. by dances, the charge for admission being 1s.; £3, by whist drives, each player paying 1s.; and £3 1s. 6d. by billiard competitions. And £14 13s. 6d. for one month would spell £176 a year, if all months were alike; but February, so far as money-making goes, is the best of all months for village clubs. Still, if even one-third of £176—i.e. £58 13s. 4d.—was cleared, that in itself would be almost enough to render a two-roomed club self-supporting, even if its 100 members paid no subscription. And if they paid 5s. each, and that as a rule they could do, and it would be well both for them and for the club that they should do, the Committee, at the end of the year, would have a surplus in hand, after paying casual expenses. They would, therefore, be able to

buy books for the library, or start a fund for the buying of a billiard table, if one had not already been given.

The managers of a village club can always count on a crowded house, when they give entertainments, unless indeed it rains; and even then, if it is a dance. They are not dependent for their patrons on their own members, nor yet on the people in the immediate neighbourhood. Men and women alike who live miles away flock gladly to a club, if anything is going on there that appeals to them. And managers who are quite up to their work, soon find out what does appeal to them, and what does not. To most country folk any sort of an entertainment is welcome in winter, if for nothing but that it makes a change, a break in the grey monotony of their lives; and it is doubly welcome if it excites them, or gives them the chance of a good hearty laugh. There is such a lack of purple patches in their lives, such a lack of real *joie de vivre* in themselves, as a rule, that what they most need, and they are wise enough to know it, is amusement, pleasure, something to stir them up and take them out of themselves, brighten their lot, and with it their wits. Instruction should be given charily and only incidentally; or so at least it seems to me. A club that smacks of a school can never be a real meeting-house in an English village.

The very entertainments that are most popular in villages, it must be noted, cost very little in money, although some of them cost a great deal in time, trouble, and worry. Nothing does the average villager enjoy quite so thoroughly as a performance in which he, or one of his friends or relatives, has something to say or to do, or has a share in the work the preparations for it entail. Whist drives and billiards competitions are always popular; and, although they are fairly costly, as prizes must be bought and paid for, they make far more money than the cost. Dances, too, are very popular—more popular than anything else in many villages—and so are theatricals and concerts, providing local talent figures on the programmes. And beyond the extra cleaning and lighting they necessitate, dances do not cost a penny while neither theatricals nor concerts need cost many shillings. For the minor parts can be taken by the natives; and sooner or later there are sure to be found, living or visiting in the district, amateur 'stars' kindly enough not only to take part in a concert or play, but to lend a hand in the training of their fellow-performers. Even stage-properties need not be bought, as they can almost always be borrowed.

It is while preparations for festivities are going on that the help of any well-to-do people there may be in the district is of most value, especially in the lending of stage properties, discovering 'stars,' lecturers, good leaders in debates, etc. And such help may, as a rule, be counted on safely; and it makes for kindly relations together with good will among all classes.

In the North debates are the most popular of all meeting-house entertainments; and they would no doubt soon be as popular here as they are there, if enough trouble were taken to induce villagers to throw their shame-facedness to the winds, and boldly say what they think and feel, no matter how many eyes are fixed upon them. And debates, if skilfully conducted, serve a threefold purpose; for, not only do they afford amusement and pleasure, but they sharpen wits; and, by fostering any latent sense of humour the debaters may have, they make for toleration as well as good fellowship. Again and again I have been at meeting-house debates from which the whole company went away declaring that they had had a most delightful and instructive evening; and, by the ring of their voices, they meant what they said. And their delightful evening had not cost anyone anything beyond the shilling or two for the lighting and heating of the house. And, as it is in the North, so is it in the South. In Yugo Slavia as in Austria, Bavaria, and elsewhere, there are villages where, even when nights are longest and darkest, the natives have no time to be dull, so busy are they with their preparations for dances, plays, and concerts. And when the spring comes, they are not only the happier and the more content in mind, thanks to the recreation they have had; but they are the stronger in body, the more alert, the fitter, therefore, to do their work well, and earn their own daily bread. Thus not only is no one the poorer for these recreations, but all the villagers are the richer; especially such of them as must pay the rate that goes to support those who, through being unfit, cannot support themselves.

I have done much wandering in my time; I have sojourned in every country in Europe, barring Portugal and Greece; and wherever I have been, I have tried to find out how the rural folk fare. In what concerns material comfort, food, housing, clothes, so far as I can judge, they fare much worse in most countries than in England; but in what concerns recreation, what tends to make life bright and joyful, they certainly, in normal times, fare much better almost everywhere than here. Nowhere, surely, excepting perhaps

in Lapland, is life in winter quite so dull, so monotonous, so lacking in everything that smacks of pleasure, as in most English villages. Little wonder the young and vigorous are becoming more and more eager to leave them, more and more bent on making their way into towns.

In bygone days, it was quite otherwise : then there was pleasure enough and to spare in English villages. They who lived there then had their mummeries, plays and sports, their carol-singings, wait-wanderings, dances in the barn, or on the green. They had their Pilgrimage-picnics, too, that were to them an endless source of keen delight, and gave them something to talk about all the year round. England was Merrie England then, and her villagers were the merriest of the merry. And as it was then, so it might be now, although, of course, in another fashion. Village life would be quite different from what it is, had every village its club, or hall, its meeting-house of some sort, to which the villagers, even though they had no money in their pockets, could go when their day's work was done ; where they could sit in peace and comfort, smoking, talking, reading, playing games, instead of having to hang about the public-house door. That in itself would bring about many changes ; for, by rendering the villager's life better worth living, it would go far towards putting a stop to the great townward flight, and thus tend incidentally to lower rates and taxes.

Now, a village club that would last for generations, need not cost more than £600 ; while one that would last for at least fifteen years need not cost more than £200. Moreover, such clubs can be, and must be, if they are to serve their purpose, self-supporting institutions. They, therefore, when built, entail no expense on their donors. And although there are many villages in England that have no clubs, there are still more men and women who could spare £200, nay £600, without ever feeling one whit the poorer. Thus, if only those who have knew how to turn what they have to good account, a clubless village would soon be as hard to find in England as it is already in Denmark or Finland.

## THE ROYAL TWINS.

BY JANE H. FINDLATER.

### II.

A THUNDER-STORM broke the weather next day, and down came the rain as though it would never stop. Some shelter had to be found from the pitiless downpour, so Tam and Meg retreated into the depths of a dense fir wood, and there, beside a big boulder with a conveniently jutting ledge that kept the rain off the fire, they got up the ragged little tent. It was against the law to camp among trees, in case of forest fires, but in a storm like this their breach of the law was not likely to be found out, and at any rate they took the risk in a truly sporting spirit. Tam was dispatched through the storm to trudge back all the weary miles to Ballater for another pound of tea; then, how Meg blessed the 'shooters' when she brewed from it a decoction of terrifying strength and scalding heat! For three days the rain poured unceasingly, and through the holes in the tent trickles of water penetrated, to the destruction of all comfort. It was hard to find dry sticks to keep the fire going. Altogether, had it not been for those generous libations of tea, things would not have been very cheerful.

On the third day of the rain-storm, Meg found they had no bread left; she knew that it must be begged—impossible to invent another story which would take Tam in so soon again. But Meg was a dauntless beggar, who never anticipated failure and consequently seldom had a rebuff. The storm was beginning to clear off at last, there were rents in the pall of cloud, and the mist that choked the valleys was lifting—so towards evening Meg bestirred herself to provide food for her family.

Strapping the twins on to her back, she set off through the woods in the direction of a large shooting lodge, which she knew to be somewhere thereabouts. An avenue gate barred her way before long, but Meg passed boldly through it and trudged up the avenue without a moment's hesitation. The rain had come on again, unfortunately, and the twins, cuddling down into the shelter of the green tartan shawl, were soon soaked through and through. Still, there could be no turning back on this errand, Meg decided, so she only went on more quickly, striding along with an even



swinging pace that got over the ground at a great rate. The Lodge came in sight then, a long, low, white-washed house with windows down to the ground. As Meg came up to the front door, in her audacious fashion she looked in through one of these long windows and then stood stock-still. Because the evening was so dark, the inside of the room she looked into was clearly visible by the light of a large wood fire that blazed in the grate.

A sofa had been drawn up beside the fire, and a young woman lay there covered by a blue silk quilt.

As Meg halted to take in this sight, the like of which her eyes had never seen before, she saw a nurse dressed all in white enter the room carrying a baby—a baby in long, exquisitely lace-trimmed robes. She came forward to the sofa, and the woman who lay there held out her arms to receive the beautiful little bundle of lace and lawn.

At this moment one of the twins sent up a thin wail of distress into the dark, wet sky, and something that she had never felt before stirred in Meg's heart when she heard it. There she stood, scowling in through the window of the pleasant fire-lit room at the picture before her. As she gazed, she cursed the woman who lay there in such unbelievable comfort. It was the first time in her life that Meg had seen the interior of a house like this; its luxury was a revelation to her. She had often looked into cottage and farm-house rooms, and even their modest comfort appeared princely to her; but *this*! Her gaze went slowly over every surprising detail—the soft, deep carpet on the floor, the chairs and sofas, the pictures and mirrors on the walls, the jars filled with strange brilliantly coloured flowers, the great fire that leapt in the grate, lighting up the whole room with its blaze. . . .

A flash of illumination came to poor Meg standing there in the rain—she had the clue to the mystery that had been a puzzle to her: kings and queens lived in this sort of luxury, and that was why some people hated them! Something very like hatred had risen in her own heart a moment before when Geordie gave his miserable little whimper just as that other baby had been carried into the warm, fire-lit room.

Meg stood some way off from the window at first, but in her absorbed contemplation of the scene inside the house she came slowly forward, step by step, till her face almost touched the window-pane. It was natural that the sudden appearance of this wild-looking woman gazing in at them should alarm the inmates of the room. The nurse, with great presence of mind, stepped forward

and drew the curtains across the window before she rang for help. Meg could hear voices from behind the curtains, then a fat butler looking a trifle alarmed opened the front door and warned her off. No such easy matter this. A wave of almost Communistic feeling had swept over our heroine; food she would have from this household so eminently able to give it—what were they to have such riches when she had nothing, they must be made to render up something of this wealth to her! And then, with confusion, Meg remembered that her surest plea had to be made in the name of those Royal personages whom she had been consigning to perdition, along with all other owners of wealth and comfort, a moment before.

The butler, standing well within the doorway, waved her away with a lofty gesture: 'Go away, we 'aven't anythink for you, me good woman,' he said. But Meg came nearer to him, holding him with her eyes as a serpent mesmerises a bird.

Nearer and nearer she came, uttering her petitions in a low, hurried voice:

'If *you* please, sir, gie me a bit breid for ma wee bairnies; I've twa forbye these. If *you* please, a bit breid for the bairns, if *you* please.' . . .

Then, as she got right up to the doorstep, Meg adroitly swung round the bundle on her back and displayed the twins, their small dark heads popping out of the shawl much as young swallows look over the edge of the nest.

'Gawd!' the butler cried, deeply impressed, shrinking back into the doorway. He might well exclaim at the sight, for the twins, poor lambs, were by this time just little sodden rolls of rain-drenched rags, and each uttered a low, pitiable cry.

Meg saw the impression she had made, and followed it up immediately:

'They're no' twa weeks auld, sir,' she told him, and then, with a gasp, she got out her well-worn formula: 'The laddie's ca'ed Geordie for the King, and the lassie's Mary for the Queen. Will ye no' ask the leddy inbye for ony auld castings tae hap the wee bairnies? It's gey cauld the nicht, an' they're gey weet.'

A great deal of her speech was Greek to the Cockney, but her allusion to the King and Queen penetrated his brain. He rocked with laughter, and bade Meg go round to the back door till he saw what he could do for her and the babies. Meg had turned to obey him when she saw that the white-robed nurse had come into the hall. She, too, wished to see what was going on.

Meg halted again by the doorstep, while the butler explained the situation. She heard the nurse exclaim 'Never!' in an incredulous tone. Then, calling to Meg, she addressed her rather sternly:

'That isn't a *child* you have in that bundle on a night like this?' she said.

'Aye, mem, I've twa o' them here,' Meg answered, a thrill of pride in her voice—as there well might be when you consider all that she and her offspring were able to endure.

'Two! Never!—let me see them. I don't believe it's true,' the nurse cried.

'Aye, it's true, mem,' Meg repeated, and again she swung her burden round to lift the children into view.

'Good gracious! and not a fortnight old yet, I'll be bound!' the nurse exclaimed, examining them with a practised eye.

'Twa weeks auld the morn,' said Meg complacently. She looked out with a bold, scowling, half-contemptuous stare at those two pampered creatures, the butler and the nurse, who were so amazed by her hardihood.

'I must tell her ladyship,' said the nurse. 'Wait a minute or two'—and she darted back into the house.

Meg leant nonchalantly against the doorway. The rain streamed down upon her, but she heeded it no more than an animal might have done, only brushed the drops out of her eyes now and again. She was getting a good look into the hall, marvelling over its contents.

'Sort of gypsy, I suppose?' the fat butler said by way of making conversation.

'Aye, sir, we're sib tae them,' Meg answered. A silence fell then, and through the open drawing-room door the following conversation could be heard:

'I wish to see them, nurse—I *shall* see them—tell Roberts to bring her into the hall, and I'll go out there to look at them.'

'Oh, m'lady, these poor creatures aren't very nice to have inside a house!' the nurse remonstrated.

'Nonsense! She won't hurt the house—or me. Go and get her in at once.'

The nurse reappeared and beckoned to Meg:

'Her ladyship would like to see the children, so you must come inside and let her look at them,' she said.

The butler ostentatiously drew forward the door-mat and commanded Meg to take her stand upon it, and not to stir off it

on to the carpet. Obediently she followed his directions, taking up her position much as a well-trained dog might have done. The water from her rain-drenched clothes formed a circle of little pools all round the mat immediately.

'Close the door, Roberts,' the nurse directed; 'it's too damp and cold for her ladyship.'

With the exclusion of the outer air, a penetrating reek began to steal through the hall—the smell of rags, dirt, and wood-smoke all combined. The nurse and butler both sniffed expressively. Meg, quite unconscious of the reason for this, thought only, 'They maun hae the cauld.'

The nurse went back into the drawing-room, and immediately afterwards the lady of the house made her appearance.

She was a beautiful young woman, and the tea-gown she wore was what the fashion-papers call a 'creation.' A delicious scent of violets floated across the mixed odours in the hall as she came towards Meg standing there humbly on her mat.

'I wish to see your babies,' the lady said. 'Is it really true that they are only a fortnight old to-morrow?'

She stood a little back from Meg, holding a scrap of a lacy handkerchief to her lips as she craned forward to look at the twins.

'Aye, m'leddy, jist twa weeks the morn,' Meg said. She was so absorbed in this vision of beauty and elegance that she scarcely knew what she was saying; but Geordie, unabashed by his fine surroundings, suddenly began to howl.

'Oh, poor little mites—they're dreadfully cold and wet! What a night to take them out!' the lady cried.

'Aye, they're weet,' Meg asserted, but with no anxiety in her voice.

'And *you*—are you able to be out in such weather? Why, my baby is six weeks old and I wouldn't go out to-night for the world.'

'I'm fine,' said the sturdy Meg. 'I never heed the weet.' With a good deal of maternal pride she opened her shawl to display the twins more fully, and having now a little recovered her self-possession, remembered to repeat their names. The lady clasped her white ringed hands in delight:

'Oh *no*, how perfectly delicious of you to call them after the King and Queen! Oh, that is nice! Let me look at them a little nearer. Which is Geordie?'

'This ane,' said Meg, hoisting Geordie up on her arm, at which he howled again and more loudly. Then, coming back to business, Meg began her requests:

'Hae ye ony auld castin's tae gie me for the bairns, m'leddy ? or maybe an auld coat for mysel' ? I havena a dry clout tae pit round the bairns the nicht.'

'Oh, I'm sure there are all manner of old things in the house that you may have—but let me see Mary now. She isn't as large as Geordie, is she ?'

Mary, scrabbling just then among the maternal rags in search of the unfailling comfort of her mother's breast, was now twitched forward into view : she flung up her tiny brown hands in protest and yelled aloud.

Up to this point the lady had been spell-bound with interest in Meg and the babies, but Mary's screams had such an ear-splitting quality that they proved too much for her delicate nerves. She retreated hastily to the drawing-room door, calling out as she went :

'Go round to the back door. Roberts, take her round and tell the housekeeper to give her whatever she needs.'

This rather wide order had a pleasant sound in Meg's ears. '*Whatever she needs.*' Well, she would not fail for want of asking for things, she decided.

Half an hour later, loaded with food and clothing, Meg started off again for the camp. She could scarcely carry all this weight of food and garments, but she would not for the world have refused anything she had been offered. Her return journey down the avenue under the dripping trees was much slower than the first ascent of the road had been. It was quite dark now, and a chill wind blew against her damp clothing ; but Meg's heart beat high with triumph.

'*We'll never want mair,*' said she, '*for a'body gies tae Geordie an' Mary !*'

It did really seem as if prosperity had dawned at last for Tam and Meg. When she arrived at the camp that night and opened out her bundles, Meg could scarcely believe that all these splendid gains now belonged to her.

Tam had got a big fire lit, the rain had stopped, and it was under cheerful conditions that Meg examined her plunder. These were the items : A grand homespun tweed skirt and a thick sports coat of brushed wool for herself ; bits of flannel, old Shetland shawls and woolly vests for the children ; and a great basket of broken food-stuffs—half a game pie, some cold cutlets, a ham-bone, bread galore, and half a cheese. Here were riches indeed !

'We'll hae a fine supper the nicht !' said Tam.

Meg agreed ; but she was more intent upon the comfort of dry clothes for herself and the twins than even upon food.

She unwound Geordie and Mary quickly from their sodden rags—poor little miseries they were, their tiny limbs purple with cold—then warmed the beautiful new garments at the fire ; rolled the babies in them, and laid them down on the heap of bracken that was the family bed while she made her own toilet. Flinging off her muddy skirt and dripping shawl Meg quickly got into the ultra-fashionable tweed skirt and sports coat. In a moment the metamorphosis was complete—she had become one of our modern young ‘Barbarians,’ as Matthew Arnold would have called them. For the skirt was exceedingly short, exceedingly tight, and Meg’s bare brown legs thus exposed might easily have seemed to be covered by silk stockings. The coat, rather tight for her ample proportions, did not close across, and the regulation amount of bare throat and chest were bravely displayed. She only needed the inevitable amber necklace and a pair of smart buckled shoes to make the picture perfect.

‘It’s queer-like claes the gentry wears!’ she exclaimed ; for, though she had no glass in which to see herself, she was fully aware of the strange alteration in her own *ligne*, as the dressmakers say. ‘Queer’ or not, the garments were marvellously comfortable.

Meg took up her discarded and dripping skirt, and gave it a vigorous shake before hanging it on a branch to dry. She had forgotten in the excitement of her new possessions that stocking-foot full of money concealed in her pocket. As she shook the skirt, out fell the impromptu purse. . . . Too late to attempt concealment from Tam now, Meg knew ; there was nothing for it but confession.

‘I’d near forgot,’ she said (with some deviation from strict truth). ‘It’s siller the shooters gie’d me for the bairns ; they were that ta’en up wi’ them!’

Tam pounced upon the bag and counted out its contents greedily. He could scarcely believe in this last tremendous bit of luck, and had to count the money twice over to make sure. So excited was he, that he scarcely took time to question Meg as to when and where she had met the shooters—enough that the money was there, ready to be transformed into whisky at the earliest opportunity.

Knowing his thoughts, Meg decided to keep him sober at least this night by the counter-attraction of food. She laid out the mass of broken victuals she had brought, and suggested that this was



the time for supper. What a meal that was! I don't suppose that the donors had ever, in their whole well-fed lives, enjoyed a dinner as much as Tam and Meg enjoyed these crumbs from the rich man's table. No knives or forks graced the meal: the cutlets were held between finger and thumb to be gnawed, and the very bones were sucked in a sort of extremity of relish. Then Tam had a second course of game-pie, and a dessert of cheese, and Meg brewed him a great scalding cup of Lipton's tea. . . . By the time this was drunk, Tam's thirst for stronger liquor had abated. It was late: he would wait until next day before starting to walk the long miles to Ballater in search of whisky. . . . He tied up the bag and put it into his pocket. Meg sighed deeply—her hopes of a steady supply of tea gone altogether.

But a moment later she took courage—were not Geordie and Mary the blessed little money-makers, able to earn again as they had earned now? She wouldn't grudge Tam his spree after all.

'We'll bide here a while, Tam,' she suggested. 'I'll get mair yet frae yon bonnie leddy at the Lodge.'

She planned to herself another week of pleasant leisure, living delicately on the bounty of the Lodge and resting while Tam luxuriated in as much whisky as he wanted. He was a quiet, determined drinker when he began, not in the least alarming. He retreated to the tent with a bottle and there slept away till he was sober again—that was all—a sad waste of money that might have bought tea. . . . When all the money was exhausted, and the Lodge would give no more, then they would start again on the road to Perth—but not till then.

Meg saw in imagination both Donnie and Jock rehabilitated for the winter months at the expense of the 'Leddy'; they must be taken up to the Lodge to work upon her compassionate interest: the hand that had given so liberally would not withhold again.

On this pleasant thought Meg fell into a profound sleep.

At the dinner-table of the Lodge that evening, Meg and the royal twins were well discussed.

'You never saw anything like them!' the lady told her husband. 'Such extraordinary little creatures, like young seals they looked; their tiny round heads shiny with the rain!'

'Funny,' said he, 'I heard about them a few days ago. Jeffries and his party came across them somewhere, that very hot day we had last week before the thunder-storm. Jeffries described them to me.'

'Oh!' said the lady suddenly. She leant forward, clasping her hands, as if some wonderful idea had come into her mind.

'Well, what is it?'

'Oh—if—oh, why can't the Queen see them? She's so fond of babies; so interested in them. Don't you think it might be managed possibly?'

'My dear woman, the Queen has more to do. Besides, these tinkers are here to-day and gone to-morrow; they'll be miles away by this time.'

But this young woman was very tenacious of an idea when it had once occurred to her. She loved a 'situation,' and whenever it was possible to do so, she brought together the elements of one. In imagination now, she saw herself presenting to the sympathetic notice of Her Majesty this curiously loyal member of the outcast Tinker tribe, with her twin babes. It would be a moment of thrilling interest. How could she manage to bring it about?

First of all, of course, it was essential to catch and detain Meg in the neighbourhood until the presentation could be effected—but this without letting her know the reason for the detention. Meg must be quite unconscious of the honour that was coming to her. . . . So the lady reasoned, rehearsing the possible scene . . . the tent . . . Meg and the babies . . . the wood fire . . . smoke . . . a carriage draws up . . . a gracious lady descends from it. . . . Oh, she could see it all! 'And it might be the making of the children,' she concluded; 'their future would be assured if the Queen once became interested in them!'

All this the would-be benefactress rehearsed in her brain in wakeful intervals through the night. She was not sleeping very well, and the vision of Meg and the twins haunted her imagination. 'Think of them in a tent to-night—in this damp, cold weather!' she thought. She rose and went across to the window to look out. The rain had altogether ceased, the clouds rolled away, and a great, bland moon had swept up into the sky; it flooded the whole wide landscape with light almost as clear as day.

'I wonder where they are? Over among the woods probably—ugh! How cold it must be—those strange wee babies with their wrinkled faces in their soaking rags . . . they must be shivering just now,' she thought.

Then she remembered her own baby next door, in his downy white bassinet. He always looked exquisitely comfortable when he went to sleep. . . . Oh, she must do something for these other little miseries; it wasn't fair to let them live like that—it was too different.

But the air blowing in keen and pure from the hills reminded her suddenly that she was cold, and that bed was warm and soft. To-morrow she would think out what was to be done for the twins.

Meg too had wakened at that mid-hour of night. She sat up suddenly, roused by an unfamiliar sound. Half-asleep she groped in her mind as to its significance. A moment later she knew that there was something wrong with the twins. Geordie seemed to be choking, and Mary was uttering plaintive little cries. Meg knew nothing about the illnesses of children, for neither Jock nor Donnie had ever ailed in any way; but she saw that the twins were far from well. She shook Tam up out of the deep sleep he was enjoying, and bade him come to her aid. She felt helpless and afraid.

'The bairns arena weel; I dinna ken what tae dae,' she said. Tam took a look at Geordie: 'Tak him ootbye; he canna get his breith,' he suggested. This seemed obvious to them both, so Meg did as she was told. She carried the child out into the night, holding him up towards the sky, as if he were a little offering made to the great powers of Nature. There she stood in the cold white moonlight and watched for some betterness to follow from the fresher air. But poor Geordie only coughed and spluttered more, so she brought him back into the tent again. There she and Tam sat the livelong night, each holding a child, trying to soothe their miserable whimpering, which only increased as time wore on. When the light came in Meg, who was beginning to be desperate, suggested a last resource—would it be wise to go and get a doctor? But here Tam was adamant. Only once he had been in the hands of a doctor, and the results, by his way of thinking, were so dire that he refused to subject his offspring to like misery. An inoculation for typhoid in France had convinced him never again to consult a doctor if it could be helped. Meg, who had never been inoculated, could not be expected to have quite the same terror of medicine, but she bowed to her husband's wider experience. Then a fresh thought struck her—she could get help from the Lodge.

'Awa up tae the Lodge, Tam,' she commanded him. 'They'll maybe gie me something tae help the bairns.'

Tam was glad enough to have an excuse to lay down poor whimpering little Mary and go off through the woods in the early morning sunshine: sick-nursing was not his *métier*. Meg was left with her hands full indeed. The moment one twin got easier

the other seemed to get worse; she lifted them up and down by turns unceasingly.

At last, about an hour after he had gone away, Tam reappeared, and with him was the smart young nurse Meg had seen the night before. She looked an image of competency as she stepped through the wood towards the tent.

'I'm sorry to hear that the twins are ill,' she began; 'but I'm not surprised, after the exposure of last night. Let me have a look at them; I know all about babies.'

But a glance at poor Geordie changed the tone of her voice. Forgetting all about the dirt of the tent and its occupants, she sat down beside Meg and lifted the sick child on to her knee.

'It's a bronchial cold they've got, poor little mites,' she said, 'and you'll have a job to pull them through.'

She tried to explain to Meg's densely ignorant mind how it was best to treat the children. 'If you could bring them up to the Lodge I'm sure her ladyship would let you keep them in one of the barns,' she suggested; 'then I could help you better. They should be kept in an even temperature, you know, not out here in the open where the temperature must fall at night ever so many degrees.' But she spoke to the wind: Meg drank in every word she said with an expression of humble, intense perplexity, scarcely understanding anything of it all—what to her were 'temperatures' or 'degrees'? One thing only Meg understood, the suggestion about the barn; but this she did not believe—the children would be better where they were 'used to be,' she said.

'Well, if you won't, you won't,' said the young nurse briskly, 'and we must do what we can here.'

She rather liked the novelty of this job after the very conventional surroundings of the Lodge, and devoted herself wholeheartedly to it. She even managed to get Meg to understand some of her directions, and tried to persuade Tam to get the doctor from Ballater; but this he refused to do. After an hour of these ministrations she went away, promising to return in the evening. Meg was comforted, and less alarmed now about the children. True, Geordie was as ill as ever, and Mary even a little worse, but at least she knew what was the matter with them: 'the cauld' had no very sinister sound to her. Through the day she carried out the nurse's instructions to the best of her powers, hoping always for good results that did not come. For as the day wore on and the shades of evening began to creep down, Geordie got worse and worse. When the nurse arrived on her second visit she would

hear none of Tam's objections, and sent him off to Ballater for the doctor there and then. But Ballater was miles away: it would be long before the doctor came, and even then—nurse shook her head.

'The bairn's no' deen', is he?' Meg asked—a sharp pain at her heart.

'He's very, very ill now,' said nurse, pursing her lips.

To the eye of a beholder the twins were now frankly repulsive, their small faces suffused and twisted with the effort of breathing, their tiny hands like brown claws, beating the air in hopeless misery. But to Meg they had become incredibly dear in this their extremity. How could she wait until the doctor came—he would surely be able to do something?

Some two hours later Tam came back; but he came alone, and also slightly drunk. The doctor, he explained, was away at a bad case miles off among the hills, and couldn't be got. After mumbling out this explanation with great difficulty, Tam relapsed on to his heap of bracken and fell asleep, drugged by whisky into complete unconcern for the fate of the twins. So Meg was left alone to face the night. The moon came out to help her—it was her only comfort. She sat by the tent door that the light might shine upon the children—she could watch them better thus. . . .

About two in the morning Geordie, with a last piteous little gasp, gave up the ghost, and half an hour later Mary followed him. The twins seemed to have made a mystic, voiceless pact, the one with the other, to leave the world as they had entered it—in company.

The last of the 'shooters' money buried Geordie and Mary. To the great credit of Tam it must be said that he relinquished it without a struggle for this purpose. After the burial, Meg bade Tam light a huge fire, and on to it they piled all those fine new garments that had been wrapped about the twins. Had as much as a thread of them remained, Meg and Tam would have expected to be haunted by the ghosts of the dead children. This done, the family started off once more on the long-delayed journey to Perth. As they trudged along, Tam was startled to see that tears were running down Meg's cheeks.

'Hoots, Meg,' he said, 'dinna greet; ye nicht ca' Donnie after the King, ye ken, an' maybe folk wad gie ye siller for him.'

But this bright suggestion held no comfort for Meg. She only shook her head.

'It's no' the siller I'm thinkin' on, Tam,' said she.

### THE SCIENTIFIC PROFESSION.

THE League of Nations, intent on establishing universal justice as well as universal peace, has instituted an investigation into the rights of scientific men in their discoveries, which has resulted in a vigorous and impassioned indictment of the laws of all countries on the subject. The investigation was undertaken on behalf of the League's Committee on Intellectual Co-operation by a sub-committee, of which the reporter was Senator F. Ruffini, an Italian ex-Minister of Public Instruction; and the report not only deals at considerable length with the literature of the subject in most countries, but includes a draft convention for adoption by the constituent States of the League with the object of rectifying existing injustices. In preparing this draft convention Senator Ruffini has taken account of two bills already submitted to the French Chamber of Deputies at the instance of independent sections of the French Confederation of Intellectual Workers, said respectively to represent engineers and the liberal professions, and wherever possible has adopted the provisions of these bills on the ground that they are the result of 'proposals and exhaustive discussions on the part of competent persons and organisations.' Besides these bills, and apparently outside the members of his own committee, Senator Ruffini has further received and used proposals and corrections by various persons of distinction, including an officer of the Legal Secretariat of the League of Nations, the Directors of the International Bureaux at Berne that deal respectively with literary and artistic rights and with patents and allied matters, and Mr. J. H. Wigmore, the Professor of Law in the North Western University of Chicago.

In a memorandum by Prof. Wigmore appended to the report the Committee is urged to test the concurrence of professional opinion in at least ten countries, and in particular to obtain its agreement or suggested corrections to definitions contained in the draft convention. This recommendation is made in the belief that the publicity thus given to the report will satisfy professional men of the justice of its purposes, and, subject to a certain distinction between classes of scientific discovery—now substantially adopted in the draft convention—and perhaps to some modification



of phraseology, may convince them that the convention is practicable and expedient. To what extent such an appeal is to be made is not stated; but having regard to the terms in which the report refers to Prof. Wigmore's memorandum and to the practical adoption of his suggested distinction in the draft convention, little doubt can be felt that the Committee will seek the suggested publicity in some form or other, and will put forward its proposals for appreciation in various countries, including our own. It has already adopted the report, and communicated it to the Council and Members of the League, and to the Delegates of the Assembly; and though this does not amount to the recommendation of the convention by the League itself, it is presumably a step towards that end. The proposals of the report represent, in fact, a serious body of opinion, and the copious and elaborate argument of the report, together with the many references that it quotes, leave no doubt that in some quarters abroad the views it advocates have engaged a good deal of attention. The consideration in this country of the grounds of the Committee's complaint and the means by which it proposes to remedy them is thus not premature; and indeed the examination is particularly desirable because, apart from any questions that arise on the suggested legislation, the doctrine on which the Committee's proposals rest is broadly new over here, and what English men of science have said from time to time on the relation of scientific research to industry and commerce lends it little support.

The thesis of the report is simple. Discoveries made by a scientific man are as much the creation of his mind and should be reckoned as much his personal property as if they were the result of literary or artistic work or of industrial invention. In practice there is no such equality. By modern international conventions, to which most civilised nations have adhered, authors and artists, or their representatives, enjoy copyright in their works for the period of their lives and fifty years afterwards. In France ('Droit de suite,' 1920) and Belgium, indeed, artists after they have sold their works even receive a royalty on any public sales of them that may be made by their subsequent owners during the same period. Industrial inventions are protected by patent laws and conventions relating thereto. A scientific man, on the other hand, who discovers a natural law, phenomenon, or substance previously unknown has no rights whatever in his discovery, beyond his copyright as an author in the precise form in which he may publish

it, and his patent rights in such applications of it as he himself may make. The writer of a text-book may acquire author's rights in his description of the discovery, inventors may found their fortunes on its applications, it may lead literally to a general increase of the world's wealth; but however great and beneficent may be its material consequences, no part of them is reserved to the discoverer from whose work they are derived. An incidental result of this situation, which the report indeed sets out as a prolegomenon to its thesis, is that in all scientific institutions there is a shortage of recruits of a high standard for research work, and the author's recommendations are intended not only to satisfy justice but to make good this shortage by providing the inducement of adequate remuneration.

The scope attributed to the injustice thus alleged may perhaps be gathered most conveniently by examining the provisions of the draft convention. A union is to be formed among assenting nations, analogous to the unions already existing under conventions in respect to literary and artistic property and to industrial inventions and the like, which is to secure to authors of certain classes of scientific discoveries and inventions the exclusive right of deriving profit from them for the period of their lives and fifty years afterwards. Apparently this very comprehensive provision must be read with a later clause, which declares that, without putting obstacles in the way of industrial or commercial exploitation of new applications of their discoveries and inventions, the authors shall be entitled to a royalty on the proceeds of such applications at a rate agreed between the parties or awarded by the tribunal. The classes of discoveries and inventions to be protected by the convention are those that by their specifically scientific character are at present deprived of the protection granted to works of industry, art, and literature; and the royalty, which appears to be the measure of the author's material rights, is to be limited to applications that are the result of the discoveries or inventions, and is not to extend to discoveries or inventions that only give a scientific demonstration—apparently explanation is meant—of a result or process already known or applied in industry.<sup>1</sup> Each

<sup>1</sup> This limitation follows in effect Professor Wigmore's suggestion, which distinguished on the one hand discoveries such as that of the scientific nature of combustion, which referred to a phenomenon known since the time of Prometheus, or the law of gravitation, of which some consequences were familiar from a yet earlier date, from discoveries such as that of radium or of Hertz waves, revealing a substance and phenomena previously unknown. Though the convention makes no

State is to be at liberty to class any invention of its own nationals—or of nationals of all States of the Union, if it be so agreed—as necessary to the public interest, and to determine the conditions that are to regulate the author's rights. In particular, the author is to grant the licences required for ensuring the necessary supply for public use, subject to the manufacturers or exploiters reserving him his royalty; from which it seems that, provided a sufficient supply is assured for public use, the author is not only to receive his royalty but also to be entitled to select his licensees. To obtain these rights the author must either have published his discovery or invention in technical journals, proceedings of congresses or academic transactions, or have protected it by a patent for the principle that it involves, such patents for principles being granted under the draft convention on the conditions on which under existing conventions patents can be given for their applications, except that the period of such principle patents is to be the full term provided in the draft convention for scientific author's rights. An author who wishes to delay publication may establish the priority of his invention or discovery by forwarding to the International Bureau at Berne a sealed envelope of the Soleau or other approved type,<sup>1</sup> as is done at present with industrial models or designs. On the expiration for any cause whatsoever of a patent of which the object is to apply a scientific discovery or invention—whether this provision is or is not limited to the class to which the draft convention applies is not stated explicitly, but the language of the report seems to suggest that the provision includes all classes of patents—the author of the invention and the holder of the patent shall nevertheless continue to have the right to royalty for the full term provided by the draft convention. Authors of therapeutical discoveries or inventions, who in some countries are denied protection of any sort other than so much as by business arrangement may accrue to them through the trading rights (trade marks

provision for rewarding inventions of the former class, the report suggests that the State shall institute suitable prizes for their benefit, as well as for discoveries—such as those of mathematics—of which the direct results cannot be traced in individual industries.

<sup>1</sup> The Soleau envelope is a double envelope containing two identical copies of the document to be registered, which, if it is a design, is lodged with the *Office National de la propriété industrielle* in Paris, which registers, perforates, and transmits it to Berne. There it is registered and divided into its two compartments, one of which is sent to the owner, and the other is filed in the Berne archives for five or ten years, to be available during that period as evidence of the nature and date of its contents, and to be produced on request to judicial or administrative bodies.

and the like) of the pharmacist who makes or sells the products, are to be entitled to the benefits of the draft convention. Machinery is provided to regulate jurisdiction or arbitration in case of disputes, and for other administrative and executory purposes.

Of the activities on the analogy of which these considerable alterations of practice are demanded, industrial invention comes nearest to scientific discovery in the direct effect that its protection may exert on industry and the State; and the overall magnitude of the proposed change may be seen most accurately by comparing the effect of the draft convention with that of existing patent laws. The differences between the patent laws of various countries are not so great but that for the present purpose comparison may be made fairly with the British law, which is by far the oldest of any, and on the whole as liberal as any in the protection it grants.

Speaking very broadly, the draft convention goes beyond the British patent law in the term for which it grants protection, and in the subject-matter it protects.

The term of a British patent is sixteen years, which under very exceptional circumstances may be extended for not more than ten years, though extensions are granted so rarely that their effect on the average life of a patent may be neglected. For the grant of the patent substantial fees have to be paid, and in practice patents for the great majority of inventions are abandoned through non-payment of fees before the end of their full term, so that inventors as a whole have to pay for a sixteen-year patent more than they think the monopoly is worth. But even assuming that patents were granted for such nominal registration fees as presumably would be charged for scientific author's rights under the draft convention, and that they remained in force for their full sixteen years, the average term of the author's rights now proposed would be probably well over four times as long as that of an ordinary patent. The only ground the report suggests for this term is that the right it protects 'is assimilated to that of the artist or the man of letters,' and should therefore last as long as theirs. The suggestion that the right should continue even when a patent embodying the discovery has become invalid for any cause whatsoever is said to be due to 'an assembly of noted scientists.' It has been adopted in principle because the Committee thinks it 'very reasonable,' and the suggested term has been chosen because in the Committee's view the period 'can be none other' than the full term of a scientific author's rights.

The extension of rights over industry and commerce thus proposed to be granted is, however, less considerable, enormous though it is, than the suggested extension of the subject-matter. Curiously enough, the English patent law was the outcome of the determination to abolish monopolies of trade, which had grown into an intolerable abuse. Accordingly the Statute of Monopolies of 1623 enacted that all such monopolies should be void, except letters patent and grants of privileges for fourteen years and under of the sole working or making of any manner of new manufacture within the realm to the true and first inventor or inventors, 'so as also they be not contrary to the law nor mischievous to the State by raising the price of commodities at home or to the hurt of trade or generally inconvenient.' These reservations, though the report does not say so, seem also to come under the Committee's category of 'very reasonable,' and in principle they continue to this day to be the foundation of the British, United States, and other patent laws. On this foundation has been erected a superstructure provided not only by amending Acts but also by decided cases, and in some ways the case law seems to be even more instructive than the statutes. In particular the construction of what constitutes a new manufacture is derived from successive decisions of the courts. In substance the law does undoubtedly deny patent protection to a bare scientific discovery or principle. It has introduced, however, a doctrine of mechanical, chemical, or similar equivalents, which has led in effect to the position that if a patentee describes a method of applying his invention, he is protected against the adoption by others of mere equivalents of any part of the protected mechanism or process, provided the parts that are replaced are not in their original form a sufficiently essential part or substantial proportion of what is described to make the invention disappear wholly or in part when they are absent. Thus, while a bare discovery or principle is not patentable, a complete description of a practicable manner of working it may amount in effect to protecting the discovery or principle that the invention applies, by covering the mechanical or similar equivalents of what the inventor has described; and in construing the scope of a patent the settled practice of the courts is to take account of the extent to which in its novelty and importance the invention as a whole is greater than the parts in dispute. In an invention of which the patent specification can be construed widely in the light of the doctrine of equivalents there is, indeed, little practical difference in permissible subject-matter between what the

draft convention provides and what the patent law allows, except that the convention would give protection to the bare discovery or principle, while the law requires it, in the language of one of the decisions, to be 'clothed in the language of practical application.' The substantial innovation is that protection is extended to the authors of discoveries and principles who leave the application to be made by others.

This wide departure from present practice is proposed on the fundamental ground that, according to the report's submission, a scientific man has in common with all other intellectual and all artistic workers an exclusive right in the products of his work. A large number of authorities, from Kant and Goethe to modern writers, are quoted in support of this proposition; but, without disrespect to eminent men, the whole of this part of the argument is derived from 'the sublime cloudland of the *a priori*.' The report, however, urges that the objections to which the Committee's proposals are said to be open are substantially those that were raised against the protection of literary, artistic, and even industrial-inventive property, and the limit of protection that it claims for scientific men is that their work shall be treated in the same way as that of authors and artists. The construction that it puts on recent legislation cannot, indeed, be accepted as always consonant with the facts. Though, for instance, the French *droit de suite* says expressly that the right it creates is to be exercised notwithstanding any sale by the artist before the Act was passed, and thus by implication sanctions the assignment of the new right made after that date, the report regards the Act as creating a strictly inalienable right, which in its view is vested permanently in the artist and his heirs, irrespective of any agreement on his part to the contrary. But at all events it does get on to firmer than *a priori* ground when it proposes as a test for the sufficiency of scientific author's rights that they should be of the same order as those of writers, artists, and industrial inventors. The ground, indeed, on which the term of the suggested rights is fixed at what is granted to writers and artists, instead of being restricted to the much shorter period allowed to industrial inventors, is not clear; but what is clear is that up to now no intellectual worker of any class has claimed or been allowed protection for more than the product that he himself has made out of his intellectual work. Whoever wrote the first novel in literature, or the first sonnet or triolet, must have spent a great deal of intellectual work on elaborating the new form, and doubtless the result



of this part of his work has been far more valuable to literature than the individual novel or verses that he produced; yet under the most modern copyright he would have had no rights whatever in the literary form, but only in the actual work that he wrote in it. Whoever painted the first cubist picture acquired copyright in that particular work of art, but without any title to prevent other people from conveying their own artistic ideas by the same peculiar means. Music would have been far poorer but for the man who wrote the first fugue, but even to-day his rights would have been limited to that probably inconsiderable composition, and others could have written as many fugues as they pleased without infringing them. What is protected in the work of writers and artists is, in fact, the use they themselves make of it, and not the use other people may make of it by their own intellectual efforts.

Accordingly the provisions of the draft convention propose to give scientific men rights far beyond what are conceded to authors or artists. On the analogy of literary and artistic copyright—saving the question of term, which perhaps may be discussed better when some reasonable ground has been produced in support of the period that has been suggested—discoveries made by scientific men should be protected in respect of the applications that the authors themselves show how to make, as in substance is already provided by the patent law, and not in respect of applications that other men may make, as is claimed in the draft convention. The rights of authors and artists, which the report invokes in aid of its thesis, thus turn out not only to give no support to the report's contentions, but actually to contradict them directly. And this is truly fortunate in the interests alike of industry and of scientific men.

The most immediate industrial effect of the suggested convention would be to throw inventive industry into inextricable confusion. Already the validity of patents is so uncertain that some experienced and distinguished patentees think industry would be better off if patent monopolies were abolished, though at present both patentees and their opponents are limited to their applications of whatever principles may be in question. How many fold the uncertainty and complication would be increased if priority in the discovery of scientific facts or laws had to be investigated in addition to priority of the applications that were made of them can be imagined more easily than it can be estimated in figures. The rise and progress of electrical engineering, for example, towards the end of the last century were hampered enough as it was by the claims

and disputes of scientific and industrial inventors. If the provisions of the draft convention had been in force these would have been multiplied by the claims of representatives of men whose purely scientific work had been done in the early part of the century—Oersted and Faraday, perhaps Ampère and Arago and maybe others as well—though fifty years or more had elapsed between the scientific discovery and the invention of means by which it could be applied. The relative claims of great men to priorities they had never sought while alive would have been debated and decided in the courts by judges to whom the sciences in question might have been strange; and on applications of Faraday's scientific work that he had neither made nor foreseen his honoured name might have been bandied about until 1917 in this unedifying search for tribute that he would himself have repudiated and condemned.

The discouragement of industrial invention that would arise out of such a state of things is not to be contemplated lightly, nor to be adopted on a *a priori* grounds. That it would incur the censure of the Statute of Monopolies as being 'generally inconvenient' would be the least of the resulting mischief. It would be a direct impediment to technical progress, at a time when civilisation is looking to such progress, more than to any other single cause, for the means of improving the general standard of life, or even of maintaining it. The fact that the position of scientific men themselves would fall as that standard fell is relatively a small consideration. The waves that technical progress starts extend far wider than the borders of the industries in which they originate, and to impede their formation is to obstruct the sovereign means by which the yield of the earth's fullness may be brought nearer to satisfying the needs of its inhabitants, and a poor world may become less poor. Even if this consideration involved harm to the interests of scientific men, they would not wish to ignore it. 'What profits it,' wrote Huxley, 'to the human Prometheus that he has stolen the fire of heaven to be his servant, and that the spirits of the earth and of the air obey him, if the vulture of pauperism is eternally to tear his very vitals and keep him on the brink of destruction?'<sup>1</sup>

What is known, again, of the views of scientific men is inconsistent with the whole tenor of this report, and it seems inconceivable that the claims it makes on their behalf can really have been initiated, inspired, or even countenanced by scientific men at all.

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, May 1890, p. 863.

The internal evidence of the report itself does little to lessen this doubt. No one can read the report without being impressed by the sincere earnestness and conviction of Senator Ruffini and his colleagues; but any reader who is familiar at first hand with scientific activities must question whether scientific men had anything to do with suggesting or framing it. The report claims, indeed, the support among others of 'an assembly of noted scientists,' but it seems to class as a scientist any person who discusses the rights of scientific men and agrees generally with its views. It alludes, for instance, to Professor Wigmore as 'the American scientist,' though that doubtless eminent lawyer is so little informed on the technical aspect of the subject of his memorandum that he describes Bessemer's best-known invention as 'a process of purifying steel of sulphur by the application of a current of air,' when in fact it is a process not for purifying steel but for making it out of cast iron, and has to use agencies quite other than a current of air for effecting the necessary removal of sulphur. The report itself, again, knows so little of bacteriological discovery that it attributes the early observation of the anthrax bacillus to one Devesnes, as it could scarcely have done if the writer had actually known the work of Davaine, to which evidently he is intending to allude. Even in the history of scientific invention he is equally at fault when he finds it 'impossible to conceive of . . . Kelvin taking steps to secure a patent.'

It would indeed be amazing if this report had been put forward with the assent of scientific men. Inconvenient and mischievous as its provisions would be to industry, to scientific men they would be nothing less than disastrous, for they would go almost as far as is in the power of legislation to destroy the scientific profession, using the term in its strict sense. Association with science may be of various kinds, and though they are scarcely distinguished from each other in ordinary language, there is no real reason why they should not be. For the present purpose, at least, it may be useful to suppose that three expressions, by which the association of men with science is described as a rule more or less indifferently, should be used for once in their literal meaning. In this way it is possible to distinguish the man of science, trained in the practice of scientific method, adopting (at least in scientific matters) the obligation of exact accuracy, and familiar with some branch of scientific knowledge; the scientific man, who is not only a man of science, but seeks also to add to the extent of scientific knowledge, as men of

science who are merely teachers or writers or students need not add to it ; and the scientist, who may or may not be a man of science, but practises the application of science, and makes what he can out of it. It may be unsafe to quote anyone as only a man of science, who at no time was scientific or a scientist as well. Faraday may perhaps serve as well as any as a type of men whose work was predominantly scientific. Huxley, on the other hand, is a singular example of a scientific man of the first rank whose purely scientific activities were shared with and ultimately overborne by the keenness and width of his interests as a man of science. Kelvin, most illustrious as a scientific man, was also in the sense suggested above a scientist of some distinction. Ludwig Mond, though also and perhaps primarily a scientific man, was predominantly a scientist ; and his career and personal activities illustrate well how real a vocation the scientist may have, though it is not the vocation of the scientific man, and how beneficent and far-reaching his work may be.

It is to the scientific man proper that the reasoning of this report is intended to apply, and to his work its provisions are hopelessly inapplicable. His business is to increase the stock of knowledge, not to apply it. Some of his most valuable work leads to negative conclusions, or serves only to explain phenomena or laws already known, or has no immediate interest outside its place in the order of the pure science whose stock of knowledge it increases. Such work lays down the path for those who are to carry knowledge further, and unlocks doors in nature so as to illuminate what had been known without being understood. Discoveries that reveal new laws are made almost without exception in virtue of this pioneer work, done with the single object of increasing pure knowledge or defining it more closely ; and no suggestion can be more grossly unscientific than to rank or treat it as less valuable than the work of those who advance along the paths that have been laid down and through the doors that have been opened, and by accident or by design come across a new phenomenon or law. Nothing, moreover, could be more inimical to the individual efficiency of scientific work, as well as to the co-operative organisation of science, which is becoming more and more extensive and official but has always existed informally, than to institute inducements leading men to avoid lines of research that were begun by others, or to select not the work that is of the most scientific interest or is the most wanted to fill some lacuna in knowledge, but that which is thought most likely to lead to results having a direct practical

application. If such inducements had any effect, they would lead scientific men to neglect their real work in order to confine themselves to a part of it, or even to undertake the work of the scientist. They would introduce into the often wholesome rivalries that may exist between scientific men an element of secrecy and self-seeking that does not exist at present, poisoning the atmosphere of the scientific world, and even of individual laboratories. They would take away from the scientific profession the essential character of the scientific vocation, without which the scientific profession cannot permanently exist.

Nor would such a system as the report proposes succeed in the purpose of expediency that it begins by presenting. So far as British experience goes, the report seems to overstate a little its complaint of shortage of recruits. It is felt in some branches of work, such as biology and physics, but in others, such as chemistry, there are unhappily more recruits than at present have a reasonable prospect of being employed. But assuming the shortage to be exactly as described, the report and its draft convention offers the inducement not of an adequate remuneration but of a wild gamble. Scientific discoveries of the type contemplated by the report are rare, and seldom or never are found in one piece. They follow on the identified work of contemporary or earlier workers, or may even be based on the unidentified conglomerate of previous results that is as much the foundation of scientific as of technical progress. Like a physical body, they are built up of cells and in layers, and very rarely indeed would a scientific investigator, looking among the very few discoveries that have an immediate industrial application, be able to identify a result as due to his own individual labours. Once in a blue moon this may happen; but that a young man should regard the chance of its occurring to him—from his own point of view as a scientific man, a sheer accident—as an 'adequate remuneration,' on which he would be justified in basing his hopes and facing the responsibilities of the world, would be as likely and as prudent as that he should do so on the strength of a lottery ticket that was due to be drawn within the following fifty years.

From the point of view of men really engaged in scientific research the conclusion of the matter may be expressed shortly. The report's thesis is inconsistent both with the manner in which writers, artists, and inventors are at present rewarded, and with the essential nature of scientific research. Its remedies are a crude system of payment by wholly speculative and uncertain results,

which have no necessary relation to the intrinsic value of the scientific work done, or even to the extent to which it may ultimately have helped industrial progress. But though the grounds on which Senator Ruffini and his colleagues demand better treatment for scientific men will not bear examination, and the measures they recommend would very literally be much worse than useless to scientific men and to the State, the instinct that has prompted their earnest and disinterested polemic is sound. The State depends more than ever on the labours of scientific men, but it has not increased their rewards in an equal measure.

The scientific profession, strictly so called, cannot be classed with the professions of the scientist and the technologist, in which rewards are attracted only by results that can be applied immediately. It is akin rather to the truly vocational professions, such as those of the physician, the nurse, the teacher, and the priest. Those who follow these professions, though they are paid for their work, can look for no reward from its fruit. The physician and the nurse seek no toll on the prosperity of their patient in his after career, nor the teacher on the eminence to which his pupil may rise, nor the priest on the moral or even material salvation that he has brought to those who needed it. Those who are fit for such work and have been wise in choosing it follow their profession because it is also their vocation; and whoever is able to do this secures to himself the best chance of a happy life, and to the State the prospect of the best result from his energies.

But the State cannot eat its cake and have it. If it has fundamental interests that can be promoted best by the labours of a profession in which the workers do not seek to follow up the fruit of their work and to profit by it, other means must be found for enabling such workers to meet their responsibilities to themselves and their families. Experience shows that many research workers save the community the difficulty of providing such means by becoming in one way or another scientists, and passing from the service of science into that of industry. That in this way and others science should keep touch with industry, and realise that some of the conditions in which industry has to work are as yet beyond the control of science, is found as good in practice as it is in theory. But neither are all scientific men fit or disposed to undertake this migration, nor would pure science be likely to maintain its progress if they did. The interests of the community no less than those of the scientific profession demand that scientific men who remain such should



enjoy honourable means of avoiding the anxieties against which their work does not enable them to deal for themselves. Such means do indeed exist, but Senator Ruffini's bitter cry compels the reflection that in this country, at least, their extent bears no sort of proportion to the number of men needed for the scientific service ; perhaps not even to the number of those who are already engaged in it.

## THE MUSIC MAKERS.

You will not be forgotten when you go  
Across far seas, O friends of mine, and leave  
Your friend, alas, home-tied beyond reprieve,  
Forlorn of music—you, whose art's outflow,  
When the strings speak, and the near lamps are low,  
Rapt with the Master's mood can sport or grieve,  
Beat at the stars, or earthward hovering, weave  
Rhythms of the rising sap, and lovers' glow.

Is music lovely ? Then its loveliness  
Enwraps the memory of your hands which gave  
So well that music seems a part of you,  
And you of music's self—O music brave !  
So far—that infinite beauty to express—  
So near—to harbour love and keep it true !

D. Y.

## 'CARETAKER WITHIN.'

BY NANCY PRICE.

MESSRS. FAIRMAN & WILLIS cannot understand why that very desirable residence, No. 57 Upper Brill Street, does not let. Perhaps they would if they went to view it as possible purchasers. The lady who acts as caretaker and lives comfortably in the basement rent-free with her husband and four children is doubtless perfectly honest, sober and respectable, but I can assure the Agent that the house suits her requirements too well for her to make a change in favour of any purchaser.

We are now viewing the drawing-room floor.

Now, this 'ere is the best room in the 'ouse. Oh, I see, you're noticin' that corner of the stairs.—Near everybody bangs their 'eads there—there was a man killed there once that way . . . Yes, it's a awkward corner. Don't see 'ow you can 'elp it in this shaped 'ouse . . . No, I don't think it can be *altered* very well. I've 'eard folks say that afore—without, o' course, you rebuilds the 'ole 'ouse.

Mind, mind, these doors is all rather low. I should think it would cost a tidy bit to put 'em right too.

Yes, *this* is a nice room, it's a pity there ain't more like it, but there ain't. It's a very old room—the floor wants a lot done to it from what I can see—the boards is all going. Why, you can 'ardly step safe. I believe myself the rats is in the 'ouse, and yer can't very well put poison down if yer's going to 'ave animals or children about.

Ah, that's the pity of it! The look-out from that window's sp'ilt now that they've put up them new 'ouses. Of course, I suppose it *was* all right *once*, but that ain't no use to anybody as wants the 'ouse *now*, is it? O' course, yer can't expect a country look-out in London, can yer? and mind yer *can* see a tree or two at the back, which ain't what every 'ouse can say . . . and many people don't mind the back room's being dark. Of course, that's really on account of the trees, but if you was to cut 'em down you'd look straight on ter the churchyard and that ain't very cheerful—leastways to some folk's taste, though I likes a cimitry myself, but

then a cimitry's more lively-like than what a churchyard is, and this one's kep' something shockin'.

Well, as you ask me o' course I must answer you honest. The mice is somethin' crool, nothin' we do seems to keep 'em under. They eats everythin' they can lay 'ands on. But they ain't 'arf so bad as the beetles—they fair swarm. Yes'm, they does, they comes upstairs. I know 'cause my little girl cried somethin' shockin' at the beetles downstairs. She was that afraid of swallerin' one in her sleep; she did ought really ter 'ave 'er ad'noids out, she will sleep with her mouth open, and ever since 'er brother once put a spider in 'er mouth—e' always is so 'igh-spirited, Albert is—she's been scared to death, most children 'ave silly fancies like that. I brought 'er upstairs but it warnt no better. There was the beetles just the same.

Oh yes'm, quite so. I'spose there is cures but we ain't been lucky.

Yes, it's a beautiful old painted ceiling, ain't it? A Mr. Adam painted it, so I've 'eard. Yes, it's very old, and very unsaife—see 'ow it drops down there by the fireplace—I should say it might come down any moment. . . . Of course, you can't 'elp 'aving little drawbacks with a 'old 'ouse, can yer, sir? and I told the agent, I pints out 'ow cheap the 'ouse is. I often says to my 'usband, 'We've got to put up with things, when yer get 'em cheap.' It do make a difference not 'aving to pay no rent—still, that there kitchen is very inconvenient. . . . No, I should never call it a extry good cooking stove. Of course, it's right enuff if you're allus at it, and don't mind 'ow much coal yer wastes. Depends what sort of a cook you 'appen to get 'old of, don't it, mam? You knows what cooks is like, these days, lady. They must 'ave the latest and the best of everything. . . .

Yes, the people was telling me next door the folks what lived 'ere 'ad a lot o' trouble with their servants. Yer see, there's a good many stairs—it makes the work very 'ard. I can't think why the 'ouse wasn't better arranged myself—might just as well 'ave arranged it convenient as not when they was about it, mightn't they?

Oh, you're lookin' at that there mantelpiece. That's Mr. Adam, too. Yes, it's all right in its way. . . . When do you think of takin' the 'ouse, mam? Oh, you're not takin' it! I'm sorry to 'ear that. We 'as such quantities of people over 'ere, it do seem a pity as they can't let it. It's a bit of a trouble for me, too, toiling up and down

these 'ere stairs . . . Oh, thank yer, mam, it's a pleasure to show round some folks. I'm sure I don't deserve it . . . It really is a nice 'ouse, mam. There's 'undreds of other 'ouses as bad as this, and plenty o' folk livin' in 'em, ain't there? We can't always 'ope for comfort in this world . . . The smell I spoke of downstairs, what you noticed too, that might prove to be nothin' serious if the drains was looked at—took over and over-'auled. I shouldn't like to think that put you agin it.

I shouldn't like to think by tellin' yer the truth I've done any 'arm to the owner. They're very kind people—very kind . . . I've known 'em for many years. But I always must tell the truth—that's the worst of me, I can't abear to deceive anybody, friend or foe. . . .

Good day, Madam, good day. There's a nice little house, 'igher up the road just come vacant. The people lived there for many years. It's worth lookin' at, mam.

## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SPORT.

A KIND-HEARTED idealist recently told me that he never scruples to buy game which has obviously been poached, the game laws of our country being, in his opinion, very unfair. This is a stock argument, and upon the rights and wrongs of the existing law there may be room for discussion. At the same time it is a little difficult to imagine a system under which the common poacher could possibly be entitled to birds found upon land which he neither owns nor occupies. Up to a certain point one can at least sympathise with the midnight adventurer. In the case of a man with keen sporting instincts and no other means of gratifying them, the temptation must be nearly irresistible. To argue the case by economics, however, as so many do, is to miss the main point completely. It should always be borne in mind that the man who seeks feather or fur upon his neighbour's land seldom does so for gain. He may make a livelihood out of it, but that, as a rule, is of secondary importance. Sheer love of sport is his ruling motive. The type of person who shoots merely for profit is never keen enough to poach.

This same passion for sport which one eminent writer—a little too severely, I think—describes as the basest lust of man, is one of the instincts which human beings of a certain type share with preying birds and beasts. In his admirable book, 'School of the Woods,' Mr. Long rather leads one to suppose that carnivorous creatures are rapacious only when hungry, but in this case I venture to suggest that the wish gave birth to the theory; at any rate, it scarcely holds good in the wild. The impulse to pursue is far more compelling than the appetite for food. The shrew, for example, is a quarry which few wild hunters will eat, even in the most extreme pangs of hunger, yet one finds numbers of the tiny, long-snouted rodents which have been killed and then spurned by prowlers of the night, particularly in country where weasels abound. Or take the even more familiar case of the fox. He is no glutton, a comparatively light meal sufficing him, but everybody knows that when he once enters a hen-roost he leaves few survivors to tell the tale.

But whatever wild animals may do, a dog seldom, if ever, hunts primarily to eat. He may make a meal off his quarry,

but that, generally speaking, is an afterthought. If the thing he has caught proves edible, he will eat it perhaps ; but his original impulse was to chase, and catch if possible. Whether it is good for food or not makes no difference. It is worthy of remark that a dog will always leave the person who feeds him for anyone who shows him sport. Neither, I think, has the desire actually to kill anything to do with it. For an animal the enjoyment lies in the means rather than in the end. Twice within my experience I have seen a first-rate pack of hounds refuse to kill a fox in cold blood, which may serve to illustrate my meaning, though such cases are admittedly unusual. Huntsmen are apt, perhaps, to attach rather too much importance to 'blood.' In my opinion keenness stands for blood, but blood does not necessarily stand for keenness. Hounds, for example, will quit the line of a living quarry to follow a strong drag, though presumably aware that in the latter case there can be no worry or sanguinary finish. Here it might be worth while to mention a somewhat curious fact which any sportsman interested in natural history may observe for himself.

In the spring of the year furred hunters are remarkably forbearing towards their natural game. The stoat, resplendent now in his rich chestnut brown and flower-like whiteness, hunts the rabbit as assiduously as ever just as long as the rabbit runs from him ; but when the rabbit, abandoning the hopeless effort to escape, subsides, after its wont, in some corner to await its ruthless pursuer, the latter as often as not leaves it in peace. Full of the ardour of the season, he does not take even his hunting seriously, which is doubtless a special provision of Nature for shielding the young. This applies equally to ferrets, particularly males, who seldom do effective work in early summer. If a dog-ferret happens upon a nestful of young rabbits in February he will destroy every one, make a good meal, and probably go to sleep on the scene of the orgy. If he finds a similar lot in April or May the chances are that he passes them by, or at most contents himself with nipping the first that comes to hand. In connexion with this subject I recently saw rather a curious thing.

We were ferreting an ancient 'double-bank,' honeycombed with burrows from end to end, and topped with an age-old tangle of beech and brier whose knotted moorings, worming deep into the loose soil, made a wonderful stronghold. Rabbits were numerous, but so unending were the burrows that it was almost impossible to keep them above ground long enough to permit of shooting.



They would never break across the open, but merely flashed from hole to hole and, darting under the hovers, disappeared again with a scramble and tantalising twinkle of white scuts before ever a gun could be raised. To add to our difficulties we were reduced to one ferret, and he was working none too well, the season being somewhat advanced.

It came to such a pass at last that he would shift a rabbit once and once only, taking thereafter no notice whatever of that particular animal, no matter how many times he was run through the hole into which it had gone. More than once, for experiment, we went on a little way, started a fresh rabbit, and then returned. It was no use. No matter how readily he had worked the fresh one, the result was always the same. There would be the unmistakable bump, then out the ferret would come with an air of contemptuous disgust; and for us there was no course but to proceed on our way. Considering the time of year, there was nothing very unusual in his refusal to work, but the question which puzzled both my companion and myself was this: 'How did the ferret know which rabbit was which?' For know he certainly did.

An old huntsman of lifelong experience once told me that in his opinion hounds, if left alone, would never change foxes, unless at check. 'They know the scent of their own fox,' he said, 'as well as we know eau-de-Cologne from lavender water'; and for my own part I am inclined to agree with him. When a hunt is spoiled by changing foxes, the 'accident' can usually be traced to interference of some kind, an injudicious holloa, incorrect information, or a blind cast. It should be observed that a skilful falcon will single out its own bird from the very brown of a flock. A well-trained cattle-dog will stick to a selected bullock no matter how often the harassed beast takes refuge in the herd, and an unbroken spaniel, if a natural line-hunter, will follow one rabbit like grim death until accounted for.

The mind of a hound constitutes an interesting subject for study, and when watching his work one repeatedly wonders how big a part individual intelligence and originality play in it. Personally I am inclined to think that true woodcraft is a thing which cannot be *acquired* by man or beast. Man, of course, profits from experience—his own and that of others—and quick-witted dogs learn a great deal, but the real thing is an art rather than an accomplishment. The clever hunter is a hunter by instinct: his genius—as Surtees wrote—must be born in him. Whyte Melville's Red Rube affords a world-famous example of my meaning. In

the great run from Cloutsham, so vividly described in 'Katerfelto,' the old harbourer is pictured ambling off on his broken-kneed pony towards some distant point, from whence, for no reason other than that strange instinct or intuition which born hunters share with beasts of the wild, he knows full well he will see more of the hunt.

Many people possess this remarkable power, and Whyte Melville, himself a great hunter, knew it. I have one man now in mind, an old school-friend incidentally, who possesses it in a marked degree. He has a positively intuitive knowledge of the run of fox, hare, or deer, and can be depended upon to lead one to the right spot at the psychological moment. It is not a matter of either experience or judgment. As often as not little judgment is exercised. It is a sort of fate—luck, some people might call it—but, whatever the faculty may be, he is always there.

This, I think, applies to sport of all kinds. The successful fowler is seldom the man who works according to rule, or times his comings and goings by the copybook. Neither is the deadliest marksman the mathematician who times his shot by pace and range. The best shot I ever knew was a man who seldom calculated, or even aimed, as far as could be seen, barely bringing the unerring gun to his shoulder. The natural—that is the unstudied—is ever the most effective method; and what is true of man is true also of the beasts. What amount of teaching could ever induce an otter-hound to 'hunt the bubble'? Nor could he possibly work out so intricate a problem for himself; yet the secret is his notwithstanding.

Hunting animals, of course, employ entirely different methods and even senses from those utilised by men, and at times we should very much like to know how they arrive at their conclusions. All we know about 'scent,' for example, is its uncertainty; yet every dog not only inherits the power to hunt by nose, but possesses also some knowledge of the influences which govern the faculty. Here is a somewhat remarkable but perfectly authentic instance.

Upon one memorable occasion a large field had assembled to follow a popular West-Country pack. Everybody seemed optimistic, for conditions were eminently auspicious. Though grey skies prevailed, the clouds rode high. There was a nip in the breeze which bore more than a suggestion of east—just the right blend for a 'screaming' scent; we were to draw one of the best pieces of gorse in the country, so that altogether prospects could scarcely have been brighter. 'Bruisers,' young and keen, openly

foretold the run of the season, and even the greybeards, upon ordinary occasions so exasperatingly non-committal, were for once unreservedly hopeful—with one notable exception. 'John,' the veteran huntsman, who worked by no system other than his own instinct and an uncanny telepathy between himself and his canine allies, did not share the general enthusiasm. After the manner of his kind he listened, making suitable response when necessary, or shaking his head occasionally in respectful tolerance of opinions at variance with his own. Convinced that there was some good reason for his obvious lack of faith, I questioned him more minutely, whereupon he referred me to an oracle against whose decision there was no appeal.

'Look at Woldsman there,' he said, indicating a black-muzzled hound, whose attitude of unmitigated boredom was positively depressing. 'He hasn't put his nose to ground to-day. We touched a drag crossing the heath, but that old beauty never left my mare's heels. He is a good hound, too—a thundering good hound—on a decent scenting day, but when they can scarcely own a line nothing will make him "stoop." He knows it's no cop, and slinks home first chance, and I, for one, don't blame him.'

This was unanswerable; but every huntsman ascribes marvellous qualities to this hound or that, and, in the intense expectancy at cover side, friend John and his gloomy prognostications were forgotten. We were not left long in suspense. A suggestive whimper within the well-known gorse soon quickened every pulse. A challenge followed, which in its turn was endorsed by a score of melodious voices and, before anybody had much time to calculate the probable line, hounds broke with an echoing crash from the far end of the covert, and through gaps between the trees could be seen streaming away, well at the brush of their fox.

Who said they could not go? For the moment, however, the first consideration was to get to them, and this entailed tackling a stiff valley which promised many 'purlers.' By the time we were clear of it and had gained the rise over which the hounds had disappeared their cry had ceased, and upon the farther slope of yet another coombe the huntsman was casting them. A check already was disappointing, but would at least allow time, we thought, to redeem a bad start. It proved to be the end, however, and after another twenty minutes of fruitless effort we were compelled to acknowledge defeat.

Over a gap in a stone wall a whip counted the pack. 'One

hound missing,' he reported to his superior, who received the intelligence with surprising indifference. The huntsman, indeed, said nothing. With horn to lips, he was looking over his left shoulder, and, following his gaze, I soon saw that which interested him. Along a distant slope, heading straight away from the far-sounding horn, a light-coloured shape was moving. As the huntsman looked round our eyes met. 'He's gone, sir,' he said.

Animal intelligence is commonly discussed, but almost invariably as compared with that of man—an unfair and entirely misleading basis. The psychological gulf between the human race and the animal kingdom is as pronounced as the physical difference, and each acts and forms impressions upon diametrically opposite lines. Our forefathers, it would seem, recognised this more clearly than we do, and possibly old superstitions which ascribe psychic powers to birds and beasts are not necessarily as foolish as modern sceptics would have us believe. It is at least conceivable that animals, like negroes, are nearer to certain influences than white men are; but that is a big subject, scarcely within the scope of this paper.

For all that, so far as the psychology of sport is concerned, we have a great deal in common with our representatives in Nature. Here is one example. The average country gentleman cares little if his hen-roost is robbed, or if produce is stolen from field or orchard; but, however indifferent he may be upon ordinary matters, he is intensely jealous of his sporting rights. The crime of poaching ranks second only to murder, and this applies with almost equal force among animals. It is jealousy which makes a hound run mute, or strive for the lead, whichever the case may be; and everyone with any experience knows how sporting dogs resent interference in their special department from others of their kind. With preying creatures in the wild state the same principle holds good. Every pair of kingfishers has its own reach of water, over which it exercises sole riparian rights. Every hawk has its own range, every adult fox its own special preserve, and more sanguinary duels occur from such monopoly than over affairs of *amour*.

The aforesaid passion for the chase shared with the dumb creation is perhaps the best argument with which to confront the well-meaning people one is constantly meeting who, with excellent intentions but little knowledge of the subject, object to the principle of sport upon humanitarian grounds. The sporting instinct may be a relic of barbarism, but it is part of the essential scheme of things. It exists in some shape or form in every normal

person, and strong must be the humanitarian scruples which are proof against it. When a mere boy, in the course of an afternoon ramble with another young hopeful on the Mendip Hills, I saw an amusing instance of this.

We were approaching a rocky coombe where rabbits abounded, and, owing to the nature of the ground, it was possible sometimes to get within an easy stone's-throw of unsuspecting sitters dozing on the sunny side of the rocks. I intimated this much to my companion, a city-bred youth of somewhat pronounced ideas. He was horrified at the suggestion of bagging one, and held forth at some length upon the live-and-let-live principle. He agreed, however, that we should try to get near some of them 'for fun.' Fortune favoured us. Peeping over a huge flat rock, we espied several well-grown young rabbits frisking about within a few feet of us, quite unsuspecting of danger. For a little while we watched them; then the nearest and finest of the group suddenly sat erect on its haunches, looked about with the most perky air possible, and proceeded to make an elaborate toilet. It was an exceedingly pretty picture, and for the moment no other thought was in my mind, when a subdued but eager voice beside me murmured 'Where's a stone?'

The instinct, I repeat, is there. It does not follow that everybody possesses it to the same extent, or derives the same enjoyment from its gratification. It is safe to say that comparatively few people who hunt do so for sheer love of the chase. The enthusiastic horseman, as a rule, hunts purely to ride, and to an even greater number of people the social side of the proceeding constitutes the main attraction. The stock expression that hounds, huntsman, and field have 'but one mind between them' when a cross-country run is in progress is a literary falsehood. The percentage of followers who enter into the true spirit of the thing—whose hearts are wholly with the hounds—is small indeed. The nervous man or the inexperienced is probably thinking of the next fence, and wondering how long he can keep his seat. The bruiser is trying his hardest to cut down a rival. The lady is wondering whether her hat is straight, or how soon her hair will be about her neck. The majority, indeed, as Surtees again expresses it, are 'thinking of anything but what they ought!'

True keenness, on the other hand, does not always meet with the commendation it deserves. I remember well a sensational hunt with Mr. Hermann Tiarks's hounds at sundown along the slopes of Crook Peak, where innumerable rabbit-holes and

half-concealed boulders cropping up in the most unlooked-for places were veritable death-traps in the fading light. Hounds were well ahead, driving splendidly, when an enthusiast, galloping abreast of the Master, remarked in ecstatic terms that they were 'travelling.' The compliment was genuine and spontaneous, but the Master, naturally anxious at the sight of his pack vanishing rapidly into the gathering darkness, made but chill response: 'You will be travelling to another world if you don't look out where you are riding!'

Inconsistent as it may seem, the keenest sportsman is frequently a sympathetic naturalist, and for this reason the question of cruelty is an important one. It is a curious thing that pastimes which are revoltingly cruel—such as badger-baiting, now so common in the country—attract little notice, whereas hunting is perpetually being attacked and never, somehow, adequately defended. Hysterical writers dwell at length upon the terror and physical suffering endured by the hunted; whilst others, upholders of sport, affirm that a fox, being himself something of a sportsman, enters more or less into the spirit of the thing, and even enjoys at least the first part of a run.

The suffering, we hope and believe, is grossly exaggerated. The enjoyment theory, on the other hand, is too absurd to stand a moment's intelligent consideration. True, a hunted deer will stop to graze though hounds are within earshot; a fox will snap up a rabbit and carry it sometimes for miles; and on one memorable occasion I saw a hard-pressed otter loiter to do a bit of fishing on his own account, utterly regardless of the hungry pack thundering away no great distance behind him. All this, however, as I have remarked elsewhere, merely proves that the animal mind is unable to embrace anything beyond the affairs of the moment; that, unless in immediate distress, the instinct to feed or kill asserts itself. Possibly the right inference to be drawn is this:

Consciousness of danger cannot affect the wild creature in the same way that it would a human being in similar circumstances. Its whole life is spent in the line of battle, as it were—in an atmosphere of tension if not of actual fear—and each day must bring its alarms, adventures, and hairbreadth escapes. It possesses no active imagination, no foreknowledge of death, nor, until its powers are actually failing, would it doubt its ability to escape; and the chances, be it always remembered, are not only equal but three to one in favour of the hunted. Myself unseen, I have watched many a hunted fox at close quarters, and have always been



impressed by his air of unruffled and calculating resourcefulness. He is obviously uneasy, acutely so, but there is no sign of terror, nothing panicky about him. It is a significant fact that he evinces far more fear of man than of his natural enemies, as though aware how little he has to apprehend as a general rule from hounds unaided. He is discriminating too, varying his actions according to the pursuer.

One early October afternoon I was walking through some half-wild fields, on the lookout for rabbits or an early woodcock. For some reason, however, no luck attended my efforts. There was scarcely a rabbit to be seen, and, after a long time spent in fruitless stalking, I sat down on a shady bank to wait awhile and enjoy the quiet beauty of the time and place. Summer was over, of course, but all her warmth and much of her fragrance lingered on those upland pastures, where the gorse was still in bloom and late clover-buds scented the breeze. I was studying the ever-varying colours of the countryside when the sound of terriers driving in a brake near by attracted my attention. They were evidently hunting on their own—a circumstance which accounted for the non-appearance of rabbits—but there was something unusual in their excited yapping, and, wondering what they were after, I picked up my gun and crept round to the far side of the brake from whence sounded the disturbance.

The brake was divided from a fir-planting by a long brackeney ride, down which came the two terriers, and between them, snapping carelessly to right or left now and again, ran a large dog-fox, trotting leisurely along, obviously caring nothing for its pursuers. Needless to say, the moment he caught sight of me he whipped round like a flash and disappeared into the planting with one streak-like bound, leaving no doubt about his ability to efface himself if so disposed.

A hunted fox has many shifts to try, many strongholds to exploit, and, until his last card is played, the hope and possibility of escape are ever before him. When his powers and even his vulpine cunning fail, no doubt he has a bad few minutes before the finish, but no worse, probably, than would be the case if he died a natural death, and far quicker and infinitely more merciful than if he met his end in almost any other way at the hands of man. At worst he pays a cheap price for a life which, but for hunting, he would never live at all.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

### A BAND OF FAIR EMIGRANTS.

THERE were five of them—Eliza, Sarah, Anne, Mary, and Rebekah. They were the daughters of a hardware merchant in a North of Ireland country town; and it was after his death and the marriage of their half-brother, William, that the four eldest—Eliza was twenty-four, Mary fourteen—decided upon that migration to America, which is described in the bundle of their letters an Irish friend gave me years ago.

Their own brother, Robert, had already emigrated in 1824 to Milton, North Carolina; and though his first impressions—ranging from the 'roasting climate' to an apparently unvarying diet of bread and bacon—had been so unfavourable that he declares he would rather work for 4½d. a day in Ireland than keep store in the States for two hundred dollars a year, it was he who later on persuaded his sisters to follow him.

Robert's letters are always very long, and their flowing, really beautiful penmanship is crossed and recrossed with all he has to tell. His initiatory troubles were indeed many, magnified just a little, perhaps, for the disarming of Brother William; and his homesickness is great—that 'sweet old Ireland' scrawled beneath an address must have touched his sisters to tears. Robert's letters were generally entrusted to the captain of some packet sailing for Derry, Belfast, or Liverpool, and were paid for by the recipient. Robert himself paid dear for his correspondence: a batch of letters from the girls cost him 15s. 6d. Irish coinage.

A fight with his employer's son, who had insulted the Irish apprentice one morning before some customers, ended Robert's stay at Milton. 'We had a good many blows,' the youth writes to his sisters, 'but at last he got me down and, like a true Yankee, commenced gouging me, or, in plainer words, to put out my eyes.' And then he tells a gruesome story of a Methodist minister who, entering a small town at election time, 'saw a man washing his face at a spring on the roadside and holding his hand over the place where an eye had shone that morning. The minister was about to console him, when the man, slipping his hand in his pocket, pulled out four or five eyes . . . and told the minister he did not want consolation, for he had got all them (*sic*) eyes for the loss of his.'

From Milton Robert, buying a horse, made his way to Nashville in Tennessee, doing the long ride of about seven hundred miles over the Cumberland and Alleghany Mountains in three weeks, and alone.

It is from Nashville, with its 'very handsome Presbyterian Church though much the handsomest building is the Masonic Hall,' that Robert writes suggesting that his sisters should join him. In Nashville lives a Mrs. Adams and her three daughters who 'keep a very neat millinery shop.' Mrs. Adams is retiring from business, and Robert is certain that 'any person who can make up fashionably would very soon make a handsome living and a smart fortune.' Not only is Robert himself a partner in the store which a year ago he had risen 'between three and four o'clock in the dark (*sic*) summer mornings to brush out,' but he is able to send his sisters the money for their journey: and to Rebekah, left for a time in William's care, a special message not 'to think long' after the girls and the promise of a pretty present.

The next letter, dated Philadelphia, September 12, 1827, is Eliza's. Her writing and spelling bear no comparison with Robert's, but she has plenty to say about their voyage, which had taken from Derry to Baltimore just six weeks and three days. Not a pleasant experience: 'storms for the first three weeks and our captain the most disagreeable man that ever was.'

'I was sick for a month,' writes Eliza, 'and Sarah and Anne two weeks and Mary not one day. Our room was so small that more than one could not sit in it at once.'

The only 'genteel person' on board was a young gentleman from Newtownlimavady who, had he been their brother, could not have been more attentive. At Baltimore they 'stoped' four or five days, being very kindly entertained by some of the Irish colonists, including a gentleman from their own town who 'is one of the richest men in Baltimore and his wife the most affectionate woman I ever met.'

At Philadelphia occurs a hitch. There is no letter from Robert, and they cannot decide whether to go on or remain until they hear from him. On the one hand, there is a gentleman willing to 'protect' them on the way; on the other, there is the impossibility of hearing from Robert for at least three weeks. 'I do not know what to do for the best,' writes Eliza, 'but may the Lord direct us in this land of strangers.' In the interval they find board and lodging for a dollar and a-half a week each, which Eliza considers cheap. They also amuse themselves seeing the sights, including

the Museum, which Eliza calls 'an elegant building.' Her letter ends with messages that even yet have a pathetic ring: 'Write as soon as possible'; 'when you write give us all the news, no matter how trifling'; 'give our love to dear Rebekah, and tell her soon to write'; 'remember me to Sarah . . . and all inquiring friends.'

And now Romance enters the story. Robert's next letter must have been read and re-read, so torn it is by constant folding. The girls had arrived and 'are now with me and *my wife*.' That '*my wife*' is underlined.

'I dare say,' Robert writes ingenuously, 'you will be astonished to hear of my marriage. . . . Her name is Narcissa W. She is of a very good family, and has received as good an education as this part of the country can bestow. One of her . . . [brothers?] is a member of Congress and another a member of the Senate in the States. She has a cousin who was lately United States Minister to Guatemala. . . . She has no fortune, but I think she is a fortune in herself. I was married on the first of November, and I would not exchange the pleasures of a married life in that short time for years of my former life.'

Nor is it only at Robert that Cupid has been aiming his darts. Anne has had no less than 'three offers since coming to this country'; and both Anne and Sarah are, so to speak, in a matrimonial way. In Philadelphia they had become acquainted with the three Mr. W——s who, not only Irish but hailing from the same part of Ulster, became so attached to Sarah and Anne that they had wanted to marry them then and there; a step which the young ladies, with true Irish prudence in such matters, had very properly deferred 'until they saw me and asked my advice.'

Robert has reason to be sanguine about his sisters' prospects; for Mr. John (Sarah's choice) 'was left a few years ago twenty-five thousand dollars by a brother and has since been doing a very good business in partnership with his brother Joseph' (Anne's intended). In the meantime the girls have a 'very handsome new shop and about eight hundred dollars' worth of fancy goods.' And Sarah gets a dollar 'dying (*sic*) or cleaning Leghorn bonnets; whilst Anne earns from one to three dollars for making Dresses.'

The suitors of Sarah and Anne were grocers. Denuded of the white apron, which as an apron does not add, it must be admitted, the same dignity to a grocer that it does to a bishop, they seem to have been very intelligent and ready-witted young men. Mr. John's letters especially are full of character. One can imagine him a highly facetious grocer, adding a joke to a packet of tea or

a pound of sugar just as in the village where I was a child a little twisted paper of sweets always found its way into one's basket. Robert describes him to William as wearing spectacles and being quite respectable in appearance; also he could speak French and Spanish and sing and play on almost any instrument. He has indeed but one failing: Robert, though he makes the discovery later, considers him 'stingy.'

It may have been Mr. John's parsimony that effected an alteration in the wedding arrangements. Instead of the brothers travelling to Tennessee in the spring, as in love's first transports they had planned, they asked Robert to bring his sisters as far as Wheeling, where John, leaving Joseph to look after their business, would meet them and be united to Sarah. Anne was to be her sister's bridesmaid and later accompany her—and in those days as we know from *Middlemarch* a bridesmaid's duties frequently included the sharing of the wedding journey—to Philadelphia, where her marriage with Joseph would take place.

It is upon Robert's ready pen the lot falls to explain matters to William, also to find excuse—'a wish to take a trip on the Ohio, at many of the towns on which I can buy goods at a very low price,' 'the belief that it would be an advantage to all parties to bring this Business (thus prosaically does the young man allude to Sarah's wedding) to a Close,' 'all these considerations with many others which I haven't time to enumerate'—for his own escorting of the brides to Wheeling. Eliza and Mary he leaves with Narcissa. 'The Difficulty and Trouble of getting along with so many females,' he explains ungallantly, 'induced me to do so.'

A letter written on Sarah's wedding-day finds Robert in genial mood. He reminds William that he has not had a 'scrape of the pen' from him since the girls left Ireland. There is mention of a small box, too, which Mr. John is forwarding from Philadelphia, containing, besides a quantity of seeds for William's garden, the skin of a rattle-snake, and other curiosities, a book by a Nashville author, bound and printed in Nashville, to show William that 'that part of the World which forty years since was inhabited by wild beasts and savages is not devoid of men of Talent.' There is also a present from Narcissa to Rebekah—a blue canton crêpe dress.

How slow was communication is shown by Robert's acknowledgment of the long-expected scrape of the pen from William, a missive that, leaving Ireland on Christmas Day, 1827, only reaches Nashville towards the end of April. Apparently William had not written in

that spirit of good will which Christmas is generally supposed to inspire for the absent. He makes complaints about the girls, and as Eliza and Mary were present when his letter arrived, 'of course, I had to read it,' owns Robert.

Gallantly does the younger brother defend his sisters. 'Whatever they may have done in Ireland, their conduct since they came to the States does not deserve a word of Censure. Few if any females would have undertaken so long a journey without a male relation to accompany them; yet in every place they stoped (*sic*) . . . they attracted the attention of their respectable countrymen, including one of the most Respectable and Venerable Presbyterian Ministers in the States.'

'Sarah and Anne,' Robert concludes significantly, 'are now from under my care. . . . Eliza and Mary still remain with me, and as long as they do so they may expect to live with me as sisters and not as if they were dependants. I will also venture to say that my wife will be as kind to them as myself.'

The laws of nature being what they are, it is no surprise to find from the letters dated 1829 that Lucina had already superseded Cupid. The first tidings come from Mr. John, whose epistolary communications had apparently been scant.

'I permitted myself,' is Mr. John's excuse—and no doubt it carried weight with William—to be checked a little by the knowledge of the expenses attending letters by way of England. . . . But such is the present situation of my affairs, and the matter of such great moment that . . . cost you what it may I must communicate it to you. It is—the birth—no less—of a lovely little Son.'

'I might stop here,' continues the doting father, 'but I must add that the child is said, by those well competent to judge, to be a fine, promising, pretty, wise, witty, prodigious, smart little fellow and thriving charmingly.'

And then comes some pretty fooling with his wife about the baby's name. "'What will you call your son?'" was almost her first question when I went to offer my congratulations. "*Tague?*" says I. "It won't do," says she. "Murtogh?—no—Cormak?—no—Barney?—no. Pat?" "Oh no." My catalogue was near exhausted, and where to look next, unless it might be in some old Book of Chivalry, I was puzzled to determine. Tristrem was proposed, but for fear that Shandy should sometime be coupled with it, she wouldn't suffer the name of W . . . to be spoken in connexion with it. By the time I next write,' concludes Mr. John, 'I hope to be



able to state that an amicable arrangement of this important affair has been effected : at present the case is *in statu quo*.'

Even to a man who, as Mr. John had written, 'knew so well how to appreciate such Domestic Occurrences,' his American mail that summer must have appeared to William unduly freighted. The grocer's letter and one from Robert arrived together, and Robert announces that 'Narcissa presented me with a fine son on the twenty-sixth of June.'

'You will laugh when I tell you,' writes Robert, 'that all the old women who has (*sic*) seen him say he is the prettiest infant they ever seen.'

And when we read in this same letter that 'Eliza looks very badly at present, but from what Narcissa tells me in secret I think it will turn out as Sarah's did,' it really looks as if Robert's prediction, that in a few years William 'will have as large a connexion in the United States as in Ireland,' were likely to be fulfilled.

A new era of prosperity indeed seems to have dawned for Robert and his sisters. In Shelbyville, where he had recently removed, Robert has bought his own dwelling-house as well as a store in the public square : Anne and Mr. Joseph are snugly established in the country about forty miles from Philadelphia : Mary lives sometimes with Robert and sometimes with Eliza, whose husband 'has one of the best private houses about town and a very good garden' : whilst of Sarah's establishment with 'its furniture not surpassed by any merchant's house in Ireland,' Robert sends Rebekah a glowing description.

Rebekah was just sixteen when she made the long voyage of nearly seven weeks on the *William George*, which she describes in the first of the only two letters from her in the bundle.

'I was very sick for a few days,' writes Rebekah, 'but all the others in the cabin were much worse than I was. . . . I was the first sick and the first well, and was able to attend to them all.'

The voyage had been a rough one. 'For a long time,' records Rebekah significantly, 'we would take nothing for Breakfast but Gruel, known by the name of *Skylligatee*, the supping of which was not unattended with excitement when—as Rebekah writes—'the ship would give a heave.'

The captain was very kind and encouraged dancing in the evening, which 'helped to pass away the time agreeably.' He also had a goat, and 'as long as she gave milk he divided it with us, and when it would give no more he got it killed and we had some nice venison.' He had pigs, too, so they had two or three dishes of pork

'which was very good after eating nothing for so long a time but salt meat and sometime a bone of a fowl so thin you would not think them worth keeping.'

At last she arrives in Philadelphia at four o'clock on a July afternoon. One can almost see the little figure standing patiently on deck whilst a friendly passenger volunteered to find a porter to take her to Sarah's.

'When he was gone,' writes Rebekah, 'I saw a tall man come aboard and look at me very intently. He then went and spoke to a man standing near, looking at me all the time. He then came forward and asked if I was from Ireland, had I got any friends in the City, and what was their name? I told him I had and asked him if he knew Sarah? He said he was very particularly acquainted with her but had not seen her for a little while but he knew they were expecting a sister from Ireland. He then got a porter to carry my trunk and we walked to the door of the house. He then walked off. I met Mary at the door going down to the steam-boat to see if I was there. She did not know me at first. I will say nothing of the meeting.'

'All this time,' continues Rebekah, 'I did not know who the gentleman was who was so kind to me. When I told Sarah of it, she laughed and told me it was her husband who did it for fun.'

If Rebekah had grown out of recognition, the sisters also had changed. 'Sarah,' writes Rebekah, 'is very thin. She has got quite dark and has lost all her complexion.' Complexions especially strike this Irish girl. 'Mary is a very fine-looking girl. She is stout, the same size as me, but very handsome. She has fine dark eyes, dark hair, and what is called a fine complexion here, but we would think her rather pale.'

Mary is engaged to be married. 'I often wished,' writes Rebekah innocently, 'Mary would not get married till I would come out, and my wish has been gratified.'

Then there is Mr. D——, Eliza's husband, 'a very fine-looking man and is very good-natured. He has bought a most beautiful cloak for Eliza. It is made of Black Silk Velvet lined with Yellow. He bought Mary and me beautiful dresses. They are changeable purple and golden brown.' Indeed, Mr. D.'s generosity seems to have rather alarmed Mr. John, who writes to William how Eliza's husband 'literally loaded Mary and Rebekah with presents of the most elegant kind. Every time I went home I had the mortification to inspect and give opinion upon "silks of all sorts and trinkets innumerable."'

Meanwhile happy Rebekah is already engaged to accompany Mary on her wedding-trip to Boston; and after that 'Mary's husband wishes me to live with them; Robert wants me to live with him; and Eliza and Mr. D. say they will think it unkind if I don't live with them.'

Rebekah had come to the States at a time of misfortune for Robert. In May a dreadful tornado had passed over Shelbyville, destroying more than one half of the little town. 'It puts me in mind,' writes Rebekah, 'of the Lisbon earthquake!' And she gives a vivid picture of Narcissa 'crouching on the floor, nearly frightened to death, hugging her child in her arms.' The total loss of property was estimated at one thousand dollars, and Robert owns himself 'a severe loser.' How he overcame his misfortunes we don't know; for this—the last of Robert's letters—ends with the significant word 'farewell!' Certainly that last screed of Robert's must have seriously upset so staunch a Presbyterian as William was.

'The Presbyterians in this country,' writes Robert, 'are different from what they are in Ireland. Their belief is different. . . . They admit no one to their church except they have been converted, no matter how moral they may live. . . . And they are about as stiff and unsocial in their manners as ever the Covenanters were in the days of Cromwell.'

Thirty-seven years were to elapse between Rebekah's first letter and her second, dated February 3, 1867, and written not to William but to his eldest son. The war between the States had just ended, and much of what Rebekah writes might find sad echo in many a heart to-day.

'We have had sad times, my dear James, since I wrote to you. Our country is far from the same it was . . . look where you will, you will see graves on hillside and valley and by the river—indeed everywhere there are graves all of our poor Southern boys, who gave themselves for the cause they thought right.'

Her own eldest son ('nothing but a child in years') was amongst the fallen.

'He had been insulted at home by the Yankes' (*sic*), relates Rebekah, 'until he felt he could bear it no longer. He and three other boys got out through the Yanky lines and joined our noble Forrest. He was seventeen when he went in the army, and had served nearly two years. When Flood's army came into Tennessee

Forrest's was the advance, fighting for every inch of his way. Willie was one of a chosen company for his escort. They had advanced untill (*sic*) about two days' march off this place when in making a charge Willie was shot in the breast and died in thirty-six hours. . . . The boys say when Forrest went to him when he was wounded, he lay down by him and cried like a child.'

'We were looking for him home to breakfast,' continues Rebekah, 'the day we heard of his death. We knew Forrest's boys were near town. I heard the Confederate bugle sound, and in a few minutes a body of Yanks (*sic*) dashed down the street . . . and commenced firing at our boys, who were crossing one of our lotts (*sic*). . . . I watched it all, saw every shot fired, and heard every oath. . . . The boys found they could not get to our house, so they sent word by a neighbour that poor Willie was killed. I had often felt,' concludes the poor mother, 'that if by giving my life I could have insured the independence of the South, I would gladly have given it, for I love the South . . . but I never felt willing to give up Willie for it.'

'We are trying,' the letter goes on, 'to get some money to re-bury our Confederate dead in one enclosure, but fear we will succeed badly as we are all so poor now. . . . We lost our servants as a matter of course. We had twenty valuable ones, but of that we do not grumble if it was God's will that they should be free. We lost our stock and they took my carriage horses, and all the other horses they could lay hands on. We are trying to give our younger children a good education. Indeed we have given all our children all the advantages in that way we could; but during the War our boys have been neglected as we had no schools.'

The letter ends with an account of her family—of Agnes, the eldest girl, married in November to a 'very clever young man, the son of one of our neighbours. His father is a lawyer and one of our oldest citizens, but he was a Rebel and they are all poor.' The eldest boy alive is eighteen and the youngest twelve; Emma, aged fifteen, is at school in Kentucky; and Fanny is also at school. 'Her pa,' Rebekah writes indulgently, 'thinks her one of our smartest but she is the youngest and as a matter of course the pet.'

So Rebekah's war letter ends with the children, who in that generation, as in ours, seem alone to hold forth the hopes of healing and reconciliation to a stricken world.

G. H. STEVENSON.

## FLADDA LIGHT.

## I.

If you wander long enough in the less-explored channels of the Hebrides, you will find yourself sooner or later looking down the long sable perspective of the Sound of Fladda. Tossing waters and surly terrifying rocks—the prospect is not one over which to linger. Never is the sea at rest in that tortured glack; and in the three-mile narrows of the strait it runs like a race. Add to this odd, unexplained veerings of the wind, sudden reasonless squalls, and a thoroughly inhospitable seaboard, and you will have the reasons why the coasting skippers will rather go three times round Divach than once through the Fladda. On the east the grand cliffs of Kinfoy Head march down into the water like armies of men; on the west the grey basalt crags of Divach run mile on unbroken mile. A place with a bad name is the Fladda—and not without cause.

Two objects stand out conspicuously on Kinfoy Head. One is the new Fladda Light—white, shining, looking contemptuously down on the incessant turmoil of the Sound. The other, not far off, is a monument. An arduous climb to its inaccessible site will be rewarded by a fine view of the sea and the flats of Divach, and perhaps by a few minutes moralising on the inscription. This runs 'Erected to the Memory of Aaron Braid, Master; James Fletcher, ship's officer' and some fourteen others mentioned by name 'of the s.s. *Gilderoy*, who perished near this place 24th November 1892.' The *Gilderoy* was a cattle-boat which took the wrong side of Divach one tempestuous night, crashed on the great rock in mid-channel and went down with all hands. One man escaped by a series of miracles, and he told afterwards how Aaron Braid, the master, stood on the bridge cursing the rock, the water, and, above all, those who had set no light in so deadly a passage; and further he cursed—unreasonably perhaps, but with frightful vigour—all who should ever attempt to set or keep a light in that place in days to come. Aaron Braid was a man known by dark repute all up and down the Hebrides, and there were folk who shuddered as they listened to the survivor's tale.

There is, then, a third conspicuous object in the Fladda

landscape which is otherwise drab as a platter. This is the rock or island aforementioned—nameless on most maps, named unpronounceably in the Gaelic and styled on Admiralty charts 'Fladda Rock.' It springs up full in the throat of the straits, square-shaped and black, rising perhaps twenty feet above the water. On it there is seen to stand a curious truncated stump—like the relics of a tooth. It is in fact a pediment of stone—all that remains of the old Fladda Light, the light that was built, despite the curses of Aaron Braid, two years after the *Gilderoy* went down. There it stands, the mere base or pediment of what was once a lighthouse, forlorn under the constant contemptuous sneer of the imposing new light high on Kinfoy.

The rare traveller in these parts must make conversation out of very slight material; almost invariably, while the coasting boat lies off the little sleepy hollow of Foidachin, he goes on shore and makes inquiries about that curious stump on the rock in mid-channel. If he speaks only in the English tongue he will receive only half answers. . . . No, the lighthouse wasn't washed away. No, it did not fall down. It was simply dismantled about the end of the nineties and some of the material was used for the new light on Kinfoy. A wasteful thing of the authorities surely? Oh ay, nae doot, but what was a Government for if it wisnae to waste the ratepayers' hard-earned siller. But why did they want to dismantle the thing at all? Gude kens, but belike it was because very often in the winter months not even a boatie could make the rock to land on it, and it was hard on the poor chieils there all alone, and there werena that many that cam' forrit to apply for the post. That would be it—jist that. M'phm.

But if the stranger had the Gaelic—which, of course, he rarely had—he was given different tales; tales in which the commonplace voice of everyday gave place to the twilight sing-song of the Celt, tales told fearfully and not too loud. He heard something of Aaron Braid, that black figure up and down these waters for forty years—a man charged with the nameless terror of a Stevenson story. He heard of the loss of the *Gilderoy* and that great figure that stood on the bridge blasting the place with the curses of a man to all intents and purposes already dead. And he heard how the light was eventually built without difficulty or disaster, but how evil came to every man who took on the post of keeper. Men became suddenly and mortally ill; men met with frightful accidents; men fell into—or drowned themselves in—the sea.



'It was not a good place for men to be in,' the informant would say; and then he would lean over to his hearer in an infectious ecstasy of fear. 'There were things that came out of the sea that it was not good for men to be with.'

'What sort of things?' the traveller would ask; but that was a question to which no answer came. For things such as these even the Gaelic had no name.

The tale of the things that came out of the sea and made landing on the Fladda Rock is hard to come by; we have only the narrative of Burke Hudson, the last keeper of the light—a man of many faults but no liar, a man of many weaknesses but no coward at all.

## II.

Burke Hudson was that roughest of all rough diamonds—the diamond that has once been smooth. He was a man of some education, of decent if not exalted birth, and well endowed both in body and mind. He was ruined, however, by two fatal traits—an inability to keep money in his pocket and a total incapacity to adhere for more than the briefest period to any single course or undertaking. At the moment when he half-capriciously took up the appointment of keeper of the Fladda Light he had just squandered all his savings on an insane project to recover the supposed treasure lying in a sunk Armada galleon off the coast of Divach. The business of paying off his men—which he scrupulously did—left him stranded at Foidachin without as much as the fare to Glasgow.

These circumstances were no new experience to Hudson; and to find himself installed as keeper of a lighthouse was to him no more singular than to find himself acting as stoker of an Atlantic liner. In a sense it was less strange, for he had never served as a stoker, whereas he *had* once acted for a brief time as assistant in a lighthouse and observing station on the coast of Florida. There were few things to which he could not turn his hand. He was not ignorant of the reputation of the Fladda Light; he knew that his predecessor had been found in the sea by the relief-boat, and he also knew, or shrewdly guessed, that no man could get into the sea off the Fladda Rock unless by deliberate intention. But devils were not among the things of which he took account.

He stopped the halting encouragements of the inspector with a laugh.

'I don't believe in any Flannan Isles,' he said. 'You can cut all that out.'

The inspector jumped at it eagerly. 'Of course it was just the loneliness——'

'What else?' said Hudson. 'I've been lonely in worse places than Fladda. I've got books and I've got a cat. What I want at this moment is a roof and food to eat, not company.'

But for all that, he watched the November twilight falling on the dismal vista of the Sound with a feeling that was new to him. The boat pulled back to Foidachin early in the afternoon; he would not be visited again for a week—and not then unless the elements were favourable. During that interval he would be reduced for company to the cat that was rubbing itself now against his leg. For the moment he wished himself out of it. A bleak wind was buffeting the sea in the straits, the strong ebb was setting past the rock with silken fury; for a moment they seemed to carry with them all the grim old tales of the Islands, all the strange creatures that people these tales, the dark raging figure of Aaron Braid, master of the ill-fated *Gilderoy*.

He laughed at himself suddenly and quoted half-aloud a line from *The Merry Men*.

'There's de'il in the muckle sea wad yoke on a Communicant.'

He laughed again. 'They won't yoke on me anyway.'

The cat rubbed itself consolingly against his leg. The mood passed.

But later, lying in his hard cot in the bedroom with the wind wailing round the tower and the seas crashing on the rock below, he had time to remember a disquieting moment in his talk with the inspector. Hudson had asked very naturally to see the diary or log, and the inspector had looked nonplussed.

'I'm sorry,' he had said sheepishly. 'Fact is, the thing's lost. *De mortuis* and all that, but your predecessor was a thorough-other being. Where he kept the book I don't know, but we couldn't find it. I've given you a new one.'

'I wonder why you're lying to me?' Hudson had thought at the time, and he repeated the thought again now. The inspector *had* been lying beyond doubt—lying with the clumsy ineptitude of a poor invention that has something it desperately needs to conceal. Why? Why wasn't the book forthcoming? An obvious reason suggested itself and with that he had to be content. Pre-

sumably the unfortunate who had held this sinecure before him had gone out of his mind; no doubt he had scribbled things in the diary that would have made unpleasant reading for his successor. But why not be straight about it?

Hudson chuckled. Whatever he felt himself, there was no doubt that his worthy superiors were very genuinely scared of the Fladda.

Hudson's first two days on the rock passed quickly and busily. The working of the light was simple enough; oil fuel and a simple clockwork mechanism driven by a falling weight. It gave Hudson no difficulty. But the inspector had been right; the last man had been a careless dirty creature—spending his days no doubt, poor devil, in qualms of terror instead of in keeping things ship-shape. Hudson went over everything, the cat marching solemnly at his heels. Curious, thought Hudson, how it seemed to cling to him for company; it never left him for an instant. He was busy polishing, tidying, checking inventories. He wrote up methodically in the brand-new diary, making something to record out of nothing.

Hudson was bored but submissive; this interval of lying-low had to be, as such intervals had been before. There was nothing else for it. As for the bogles of the deep, they bothered him not at all. Only once, on the second afternoon, a passing incident occurred. As he stood at the high desk writing in the diary, he had the sudden conviction that a shadow crossed the room behind him. His heart missed a beat; then he laughed at himself again. That was an experience he had had before.

'I suppose it was that sort of thing that drove these poor devils silly,' he said half aloud. 'As if it didn't happen every other hour when a man's been all by himself. I'm used to that anyway.'

It was only when he finished writing up the diary that he missed the cat. He called to it but it did not come. Not till half an hour afterwards did he find it, crouched in an angle by the cupboard in the kitchen. It came when he offered it a morsel of fish, but it seemed cross and uneasy.

The third night closed down with dirty weather, a half-gale coursing down from the north with great clouds riding that seemed to sweep in pursuit of the sunset and swallow it up as the extinguisher douses a candle. Hudson's practised ear told him that the sea was rising; above the normal hiss and rattle of the waters there came every now and then a resonant thud, like the boom

of a distant cannon that told of a big wave flinging itself on the rock. Nothing was likely to venture down the Fladda on such a night—nothing of men, that was. Hudson, tending the light with the cat purring at his heels, laughed at himself for that last thought. His had been an odd life; very early he had been forced to conquer and laugh away the bogies that beset the isolated imagination. He had too often had to live alone in odd places to give way to these.

He went to bed early as was his wont; but woke after an hour or two with a sudden start. The gale was getting worse; it shrieked and tore at the tower; the waves beat on the rocks below no longer in isolated blows but in heavy salvos. The night was full of vague noise that would be awesome if one chose to give way to it. Then suddenly he became conscious of a new sound. There was a movement soft but unmistakable in the kitchen-living-room below.

Just for the moment Hudson's heart failed him. Then he remembered the cat. The cat always slept at the bottom of his bed—a post it had adopted the first night and from which it could not be dislodged. Now it was not there. Evidently it had slipped downstairs and was after the salt beef in the living-room. Cursing all cats for their voraciousness and himself for his foolish predilection for open doors, Hudson took his hurricane lamp and went down the steep stone stair.

In the living-room the sea was louder; otherwise there was not a sound. For a moment Hudson thought all was as he had left it. Then suddenly he became conscious of a faint elusive smell. He examined the room thoroughly, hunted and called for the cat, but without result. The room was normal save for that faint permeating odour to which he could not give a name.

On the way up the stairs again, it came to him—not naming itself but, as smells do, conjuring up a picture. Hudson saw in a vision a small cargo steamer pitching in a winter sea off the French coast, heard again the shouts of man overboard, witnessed again the rescue of the swimmer, saw him carried into the foc'sle. And he smelt again that peculiar pungent smell. It was the smell of heavy seaman's clothing thoroughly soaked with salt water.

Hudson had no such clothing. He had worn ordinary clothes ever since his arrival at the light, and these had never been even damp. His oilskins—not very wet—were drying in the store-room at the bottom of the tower.

Upstairs in his room, he saw something sitting on his bed. It was the cat. But it glared at him, arching its back on which the hair stood up in a crest. It fled from his approach and hid.

Hudson fancied that he had tasted the beginning of fear that night; in the morning he was undeceived. It was when he went to write up the diary that he learned what fear was.

The diary lay on a high desk in a corner of the living-room furthest from the door. It was a book of about eight inches by five, one opening—two pages, that is—being allotted to a day. Rarely indeed, of course, would there be incident at the Fladda to fill a tithe of this generous space; but the book was a standard type. Hudson had so far prided himself on filling his two pages somehow, much as a journalist prides himself on getting his column out of moonshine.

To-day he went to write it up, wondering whether he should or should not say anything of the events of the night. There was no smell of wet clothes in the room now; probably there never had been. The room had been stuffy; the smell, if it had ever existed, had been nothing but the kitchen cloths drying by the stove.

He took up his pen and instantly he became convinced that the diary was not as he had left it. He could have sworn its position on the desk had changed; he could have sworn moreover that the book itself had been touched.

He saw the cat sitting watching him with inscrutable eyes; out of bravado he began to laugh.

'This won't do, pussy,' he said. 'Getting the jumps.'

He opened the book at random and the smile died on his lips.

He had opened the diary at a date three days ahead—the day the visiting boat was due. And his eyes were instantly riveted to the page, because along the upper edge, beneath the printed date there ran a succession of very faint marks—not writing and yet a kind of writing too. If some very feeble hand just reaching out far enough to touch the paper with the pencil point and no more had tried to write down something in the book, the effect would have been produced. There were no letters, certainly no words; yet there were strokes that looked like fragments of letters, blocks and divisions that suggested words. It was writing; but whose?

In a fury Hudson reached out for the indiarubber, rubbed hard and brushed away the crumbs. The marks remained exactly

as before. Hudson stared at them. They must have been in the book from the first, he told himself; they must have been made in the printing or the binding. They *must* have been. Then he saw something else.

At the bottom of the pages and near the middle the blue ruled lines were very, very slightly smudged and blurred. There was the faintest visible yellow stain. It was just as though someone, writing on the top lines of the page had rested there—as he naturally would—a wet coat sleeve.

### III.

On the Saturday the visiting boat was due. The gale had blown itself out, and through a clear-washed morning of watery sunshine, Hudson's glass showed him the boat staggering up the Sound from Foidachin. He scarcely needed his glasses to show him that she held only two men. He cursed under his breath and then laughed.

He seemed to hear the inspector again talking with that ill-assumed air of confident bluff. 'We don't leave men alone on lights nowadays,' he had said. 'It's against regulations. Your relief boat will come on Saturday. I can't promise you a relief, but it'll be an odd thing if I can't send out someone to keep you company. Oh, ay—I'll surely manage that.'

Now in the boat Hudson's glasses showed him only Cattan the boatman and Riach the coastguard. Neither of these was likely to stay to share his vigil.

Should he throw up the sponge and go? Where was he to find food and a roof if he did? Apparently no one but he would face living on the Fladda, but then no one would offer him another job. He procrastinated, telling himself he would make up his mind before the boat's arrival; but in his heart he knew he would stay. Then he thought with a shudder of the event of the previous afternoon.

Every morning after he had gone down to write up the diary he had found that someone had been before him. And every morning those faint marks that might have been writing had strengthened. There was no 'might-have-been' about it now; it *was* writing, and it was writing in ordinary Roman characters. It was faint, it was smudgy, there was a curious quality about it that ordinary script lacked; but writing it was. Very soon it would be legible. What would he read then?



The previous morning, he had made out the first word. Poring over the book in the strongest light he could find, he seemed to make out beyond all uncertainty the word 'ship.' A very likely word in such a place. A ship was to come by that day perhaps, a ship possibly of some importance to himself? He watched the tossing waters of the Sound like a hawk till the afternoon began to fall, but no ship ventured on these forsaken seas. Hudson hardly knew whether he was pleased or disappointed. If the writing was meaningless, did that make it better or worse?

At four in the afternoon he had gone out for a stroll on the rock. And almost instantly his eye caught and focussed on a white object that lay tossed up at the southern angle. It was a drowned sheep.

Hudson had gazed at it in horror. It was an unpleasant object in itself, but its physical repulsion was as nothing to the terror that seized upon his mind. That word he had read had not been 'ship'; it was 'sheep.' The writing had a meaning after all. It had recorded the casting-up of this carcase before the event.

*He had turned and there was the cat sitting behind him surveying him with its strange eyes.*

Now, as he watched the boat plunging towards him through the November sunshine, he thought of the monstrousness of what seemed to have happened. Something—he dared not name it, but it was something that smelt of a drowned man's clothing—crept out of the sea and wrote his log for him in advance—wrote beforehand what he himself might have written after the event. That was what his senses seemed to tell him. Abominable, monstrous as it was, that was what seemed to have happened.

A life oddly spent had left Hudson with an open mind on all supernatural things. He would have said he neither disbelieved in ghosts nor feared them. In so far as a ghost was merely a ghost—a manifestation from another world or from what men call the dead—it was no more terrible and no more strange than many material things. So he would have said; but to be cooped up here alone with such a creature, debarred from human companionship or human help, that was another matter. Could he go through with it?

The boat was now close to the rock and he could see Cattán and Riach clearly. Their expressions brought a smile to his lips again. They were looking now at each other, now at the light; their faces were the faces of men keyed up for a grim experience.

'Wondering what they're going to find!' Hudson commented to himself. 'I expect they've found some pretty rum things here before. Talk about Flannan Isle!'

He coo-eed to them and laughed again at the sudden relief that sprang into their faces. They ran the boat deftly under the rock and made fast.

'Boat ahoy!' said Hudson. 'Got my relief?'

Riach plunged floundering into some complicated explanation, but Hudson cut him short.

'Never mind that; I wasn't expecting it. Come ashore.'

They came in and had a stiff whiskey all round in the living-room. Hudson collected his letters and provisions.

'Are ye a' richt?' Cattan asked the question in the voice of a man who could hardly believe his eyes.

'Might be worse,' said Hudson curtly. There was no point in expatiating to such as these. 'But I want you to take off this damned cat.'

Cattan's eyebrows went up; he peered at Hudson knowingly.

'Ye dinna like cats?'

'Hate them,' said Hudson. 'And it keeps me awake at nights.'

'Ay, ay,' said Cattan, 'jist that, jist that.'

They stayed only a short while; Hudson laughed to himself at their obvious anxiety to be gone, the palpable relief with which in the end they pushed off the boat and headed back to Foidachin. But as the boat dwindled over the water, he wondered if it were any laughing matter. Here were two full-bodied men, both noted locally for hardihood and courage, whose minds had no rest till they were clear of that cursed rock. Two men of indifferent imagination who had rowed up in fear and trembling as to what they might find, and had rowed away manifestly thanking God that, this time at least, no horror had befallen them. What was there to laugh at in that?

Hudson busied himself with the light, congratulating himself on having got rid of the cat. He hated it for the way it clung to his side, still more for the way it saw things he could not see, for its arched back and staring eyes and its horrible contaminative fear. No more of that at any rate.

In the evening he went to write up the diary, turning not without a shudder to that page where he had first found the marks. Then he stopped and stared at it. There was fresh writing near the bottom of the page. It was faint, it was shaky, it partook

still of that indefinable quality that human writing lacked, but it was easily, instantly legible.

'This day the relief boat came,' read Hudson. 'No relief. Am alone here now till Saturday.'

There seemed to Hudson a sudden swirl in the gloomy air of the room ; not a wind but a movement, not a shadow but a sensation. Again, clear and pungent, he felt that horrible smell of wet seaman's cloth. 'Alone now till Saturday.' Was he alone at all?

In a frenzy he shouted out aloud.

'What is it? Who are you? What do you want? Show yourself, I say.'

The murky silence of the room was oppressive. No sound answered but the slap and scour of a big wave bursting on the pediment of the tower.

#### IV.

Cattan and Riach just made out their visit and no more for the new week entered with a gale. All through what were to him the sleepless watches of that Saturday night Hudson marked the growing fury of the wind, and his trained ear heard the steady murderous rise of the sea. Sunday broke late and dimly ; all through that day and the Monday that followed it the Sound lay under the lash of a northerly hurricane, sea and sky meeting in a sable inferno where the shores of Divach were entirely blotted out, and only the topmost pinnacles of Kinfoy peered out at intervals sodden and glistening. Yet Hudson was thankful enough for these mundane things ; one could set down any odd sound to the many-voiced crying of the sea, any fancied movement to the swirl and frenzy of the wind. Where earth's elements clamoured so loudly items that were not of earth could hardly be heard.

All that Sunday and Monday there was no writing or sign of writing in the book.

On Tuesday morning the gale still blew furiously, but the air had in some measure cleared ; a ghostly Divach glimmered through the flying wrack, and Kinfoy stood up black and cruel. Looking into his shaving-mirror Hudson saw that the strain was telling ; the face that looked back at him from the glass was not his face of a week before ; he saw reflected the eyes of some other man, eyes that frightened him. He had slept badly ; he knew he was deliberately holding himself in hand. Evil things rode down the

Sound on that raging wind ; in all the dark corners of the tower panic lurked, ready to spring out and seize him. Once give way to these and he knew himself for a lost man. Once let those dark crouching terrors leap out and possess him and anything might happen. He might share the fate of the poor soul who had preceded him, and go into the wild sea itself to escape them.

He finished his dressing and went to the stairs. And as he glanced down the gloomy well of steps it seemed to him again as if something swirled in the dusk ; again came that horrible movement that was less a movement than a shifting of the air ; in the twilight below him there passed again that something that was less tangible even than a shadow. And instantly the whole air was full of that unspeakable reek of rough cloth soaked in salt water ; it seemed to close upon him and choke him as if a saturated pad of the stuff were pressed upon his face. For the moment he went as cold as ice. 'Alone till Saturday ?' Oh, God, he was anything but alone !

He took himself in hand and strode down the echoing stairway. In the living-room the smell struck him again. He went straight towards the high desk in the corner and checked as he went. The diary lay open in its place.

He must have left it so the night before ? He had not. The panic shapes that lurked in the corners pressed forward a little as if for a rush. The Thing from the sea, whatever it was, was very near. Its presence was about him. With a huge effort he mastered himself and forced his eyes to the book. The terrors relaxed in their corners ; their hour was not yet.

It was as he had expected. The book lay open at the day ; across the top of the pages he read in print : 'Tuesday, 22nd November.' And below was an entry like the last—clear, legible, distinct :

'This day about seven P.M. a small steamer passed on the wrong side of the Light and was lost on Kinfoy Head. The Light was dim.'

Hudson stared at it. Despite the horror of the thing he was fascinated. He made a mental calculation of the tides, allowing for the wind. Clearly the steamer was to come down the Sound from the north ; from five in the afternoon onwards the tide would set in that direction like a race. Any navigator in his senses would hold away to the west of Divach ; if by ill chance or ill guidance he ventured into the jaws of the Sound then certainly his one

hope was to pass between the Fladda Rock and Divach. Hudson's treasure-hunting work had given him a clear notion of the seas all round that island, and he knew that there would be no need of supernatural intervention to fulfil the prophecy written on the page before him. If a ship took the mainland side of the Fladda with that sea running and that tide, nothing but a miracle could keep her off Kinfoy. And that—again with that sea and that tide—meant loss with all hands.

He read it again. 'The Light was dim.' What on earth or in those places which the writer frequented was meant by that? How could the light be dim? It would *not* be dim—Hudson struck the book a blow with his hand—it would burn as never before. That at least he could make certain.

All day he sat in the topmost room of the tower sweeping the seas to the north with his glass. The wind beat furiously down the long funnel of the Sound, swinging the tower gently; the seas wrestled and tore at the rock like men thrown down from scaling-ladders in a siege, or swept over it green and contemptuous like a cavalry charge. From the south a coasting vessel struggled laboriously up and disappeared into the haven of Foidachin shut off from his sight by the crags of Kinfoy. To the north there was nothing. About one o'clock, in a clearer interval than usual, Hudson thought he saw a faint trail of smoke but it vanished again almost at once. He took no food, but sat on watching like a man in a trance.

About half-past two a flurry of mist and dense thin rain came down the wind and blanketed everything for over an hour. It cleared suddenly to northward, and Hudson reached out for his glass. But before he could pick it up he gave a gasp of horror. Away at the north end of the Sound, rolling heavily and making the worst possible weather, was a small steamer.

Hudson looked at his watch; twenty to four. The man had a chance yet. If he could get himself round and out of that place within the next hour he could make the west side of Divach. If not, he was caught and down the Sound he must come—in which case he had only the last hope of taking the right side of the Fladda Light. Gazing through his glass in the deepening dusk Hudson saw that something was wrong. The steamer was rolling inordinately, she moved like a boat only half-controlled. Engine trouble, Hudson thought, his heart thumping. He strained his eyes to see her, and fancied she was slightly nearer than before; he

believed he could detect a list to port. Then, just before dark fell, a second scurry of rain came down and blotted everything out.

He looked upwards; the kindly flash of the light cheered him. Nothing wrong there; he had seen to that.

He went down to the living-room to make himself a cup of tea. He bent over the stove; then suddenly the enamel teapot crashed from his hands, and he sprang round with the leap of a startled deer. Someone had stood in the doorway and looked at him; he would have sworn it. But there was no one there.

'For God's sake,' he cried out, utterly unnerved, 'what is it? Show yourself, whoever you are!'

The rain and the wind and the sea answered him in full chorus, but there was no other voice.

Hudson wiped his forehead, poured himself a glass of whiskey, and drank it off at a gulp. Slowly he made himself tea—facing the doorway this time and trying vainly to curse himself into reason. Again the corners seemed to him to swarm with figures and shapes of panic that poised themselves for a charge. Presently they would be out upon him; and the Thing that had stood in the door would lead them.

He went slowly upstairs to the bedroom. After the din of the storm up in the light gallery the inside of that tower of stone seemed strangely quiet; his footsteps echoed oddly on the stone stairs. Solitude! The inspector, gross fool, had said something about solitude—loneliness. If only solitude were his portion; if only he could be lonely! But there was no solitude here. The tower was not empty; nay, it was crowded, filled and charged with something that was everywhere and nowhere. Man could endure solitude; but not this, not this.

He paused at the stair head, and looked at his watch; six o'clock. 'Show yourself,' he said again almost in a whisper. 'Show yourself. Do something.'

This time he was answered. Out of the night, at no very great distance, a ship's siren wailed mournfully down the wind.

Hudson dashed up into the light gallery like a madman. The squall had passed but another was sweeping down upon him, screaming and yelling. Blinding rain beat down the gale with the force of machine-gun fire. The tower rocked gently. Behind was the light; beyond was a welter of rain and sea-water, white crests showing here and there, the wind howling like a demon.



And somewhere there men were fighting for the lives that hung on a single chance—whether or not they saw the Fladda Light in time to take the westward course.

Shudderingly, in the darkness, the siren sounded again. Hudson gripped the rail with both his hands ; unless his senses were wrong the sound came from the east. What in God's name were they doing ? Surely they knew where they were ? Surely they could see the light ? He glanced upwards and backwards and realised a most frightful thing.

The light was going out.

He went into the light-room, waving his hands, shouting, nine-tenths a madman. He had tended the light with special care ; he had been over everything. The oil-feed, the clockwork mechanism—he had been over everything with a microscope. There was nothing that could possibly have gone wrong. He rushed at the thing again now, examining, adjusting ; there *was* nothing wrong. The lamp should have been blazing ; it was not. It was failing, sinking—not flutteringly but steadily. It was as if someone had wrapped an opaque sheet round the top of the tower. The lamp burned but it gave no light. The light was dim. The very words of the diary ! ‘The Light was dim.’

Afterwards Hudson had no very clear recollection of how that half-hour passed. At times he strove with the light—uselessly ; at times he tried to pray ; at times he shouted like a maniac calling on the Thing from the sea to come forward in bodily form and fight him fairly. The siren sounded with frequency, and every time the blast of it tore his heart anew. Sometimes it seemed to move westwards as if they saw the light and were making desperate efforts to round the Fladda Rock ere it was too late ; then it would wail out faint and despairing further than ever to the east.

In the end Hudson went out again to the roaring darkness of the gallery and clung to the rail. He could do no more ; the ship was doomed and all her people. Not a man of those who were fighting for life in those murderous seas would ever win to land and make question why the Fladda Light had failed in this of all hours. They were doomed ; they were dead men, dead—he shuddered horribly—as Aaron Braid and the crew of the *Gilderoy*.

At times it seemed to Hudson that a dark figure, tall and with white teeth shining through a beard, stood with him on the gallery. At times it seemed that he was not on earth at all but sailing through the tempestuous night of space. But at all times—in his

moments of sheer madness, or when he tried desperately to pull himself together—he was sure he was never for an instant alone.

Then suddenly the siren roared almost in his ear, and out of the rain-swept blackness in front of him came lights and a shape, the faint irregular beat of a disabled engine, a waft of smoke and oil. For a moment it seemed to Hudson as if the thing would blunder on the very rock itself, but it lurched away. The lights came and went in the great seas, the cripple march of the engine was now loud, now inaudible. For a moment there came up to Hudson the terrible sound of men's despair—a vague crying and shouting tossed away by the wind like a seabird's wail. Then it ceased and the lights vanished, and the unbroken fury of the night burst round him again. The boat had passed to the east of the rock within less than a quarter of a mile. In an hour's time she would be crashing on Kinfoy, and the men whose cries had come up to Hudson would cry no more.

He looked at his watch again. It was exactly seven o'clock.

Simultaneously two things happened. The light beamed out again above him, clear and comforting ; and the dreadful company left him ; the shapes of fear crept back to their lairs. He was alone.

## V.

Hudson slept at last that night as a man sleeps in fever. He woke, with all the weakness of one who has been through high temperatures, to a grey world, the wind fallen away and a white sea fog blanketing all the Sound. As he tried to shave himself his hand shook so that he was forced to give up the attempt, the face that looked out at him from his glass was haggard and desperate. It required an effort to go downstairs and across the living-room to where the diary lay. But the page was clean and unsullied. There was no writing at all.

That was a long day. The wet fog billowed about the tower, isolating it more terribly than ever ; the tide rose and fell on the side of the rock ; but nothing else. Hudson took heart again ; perhaps his persecution was over. Perhaps those grim beings who came about the place were designed only to try him, to test his courage. Perhaps the horrors of the preceding night had been their climax. At all events he was to-day a man alone in a stone tower on a rock—solitary, no doubt, and imprisoned, but no

longer maddened by that company who had filled so foully his house and his mind.

Nothing happened all day. Hudson went cheerfully to bed and slept better than for several nights. He made several visits of inspection to the light, which burned steadily and well.

Thursday opened with a repetition of Wednesday—thick fog, little wind, and the sea greatly down. In fear and trembling he went to the book; but again the page was clean; there was not a trace of writing of any kind. He turned back idly to the previous messages, half expecting to find them gone; but there they were, exactly as he had first seen them. He shuddered; the curious shaky scrawls with that odd, unnameable, inhuman quality brought back his past terrors all too clearly. Whether the trial were past or no he must get off the rock when the relief boat came on Saturday. He had played his part and he was done.

Supposing the boat did not come on Saturday? Suppose another storm burst? Hudson grew cold at the thought. The calm must hold, the boat must come. It must. He could not go on for another week—not for another day—and live.

The day dragged through; always Hudson had that blessed sense of being alone. Those who had complained of loneliness, he thought grimly, on the Fladda Rock, had had little cause to repine. If solitude had been all their complaint they had been well off.

In the evening, just before dusk, the fog blew clear and he saw again the wet, shining coasts of Divach and Kinfoy. The sight comforted him inexpressibly—and the thought that he had only one day more on the rock. Almost, he told himself, he felt like sticking to the post; if the bad time were really over why desert now?

He cooked himself supper and went to write up the diary whistling cheerfully. But at the first sight of the book his cheerfulness died. The writing was there again.

This time it made no prophecy—merely a statement. 'Five years ago this night the s.s. *Gilderoy* was lost.' That was all; but instantly he knew that it prophesied for him something very terrible. It was not written there for the mere sake of reminding him of a forgotten disaster. Something would happen that night. 'Five years ago this night' the *Gilderoy* had come down the Sound and crashed and split on the Fladda Rock, and that frightful man with the black beard had died in the sea, cursing it with the last

breath he drew. That had been five years ago ; what would happen to-night ?

He strove to remember at what hour the wreck had taken place, but if he had ever known he had forgotten. Until day dawned, then, the menace would hang over him. What was he to do ?

For a time he gave way and sat staring at the fire, glancing fearfully over his shoulder, sniffing to catch the first hint of that reek of wet serge that heralded the coming of that nameless thing from the sea. But presently his bold nature reasserted itself and he pulled himself together. Nothing, at all events, was happening meantime ; the night was calm and clear without, and within there was peace. He made an effort and went up and tended the light. Then he mixed himself a couple of stiff whiskies in the hope of sleep ; for once the light could look to itself. He went to bed only partially undressed. Surprisingly, he slept.

He woke sweating in the small hours of the morning and instantly he knew that the things of evil were in possession once again. The tower was full of them ; there were vague movements in the room, vague sounds that were not of the sea. He stretched out a hand for the bottle of whiskey and drank half a glass of the spirit at a gulp. It steadied him for the moment. He had the clearest conviction that he had been awakened by something special, by some prodigious or impossible noise. And even as he tried to cast back his thoughts into the byways of sleep, he heard it again.

Close at hand, on the north side of the rock, a steamer's siren roared hoarsely in the night.

Hudson picked up his hurricane lantern and ran up into the light gallery. For a moment the hideous fear held him that the light had failed again while he slept, and that a second ship was coming on the rock. But once out in the clear air on the gallery, he saw that whatever it was it was not that. It was a cold, calm night with an old moon swinging up above the mainland ; the light of the lamp was sweeping the waters of the straits as usual. In the joint radiance of lamp and moon Hudson could see a long way up the Sound. And there was not a ship, not a fishing-boat, not a dinghy in sight.

And even as he looked the siren roared again, close in front of him.

'Oh God !' cried Hudson with sudden comprehension, 'the *Gilderoy* !'

The wind down the Sound struck suddenly chill with a chillness not of the normal earth. It came up to Hudson like the breath of a vault or like an air from those sea-bottoms where the sun never penetrates. It had a curious stale reek as of mud, or damp or deep-sea ooze. Then it seemed to Hudson as though the rock shook under an impact and instantly he heard again that dreadful sound of men in absolute despair. The air was filled with a wailing and crying of many voices blended in agony. It rose and swelled and shuddered upon the water till it seemed that it filled the whole throat of the Sound and rang from the cliffs of Kinfoy on one side to the cliffs of Divach on the other. It rose and climaxed and fell, and in the silence that followed Hudson found himself screaming out in sympathy.

The silence fell; and in that moment—it was very quick but Hudson knew he had seen it—something came out of the sea on to the west corner of the rock and moved with the swift rush of a shadow into the darkness at the base of the tower. It was swift and dim, but Hudson knew it had happened. There was something unspeakably menacing in that flying rush, like a murderer leaping from one point of cover to another.

Hudson's nerve broke. There all round him was the perfect night, the light seas breaking on the rock, the moon lifting a little higher above Kinfoy. It was good, material, normal. But at the base of the tower lurked something that was none of these things.

On an impulse he ran back into the light-room and down the stair. On the third step his foot slipped and he fell headlong down the short spiral. The lamp flew from his hands. There was a crash of glass breaking and then utter darkness.

Hudson picked himself up and groped his way to the bedroom door and stood there. He found himself gasping and panting, and shivering from head to foot. Inside the tower was absolute silence. Hudson could hear clearly the homely ticking of the wag-at-the-wa' clock in the living-room below. He stood absolutely motionless waiting tensely. Presently, stealing up the stairs like a being, came the first faint whiff of sodden seaman's cloth. It was barely perceptible; then suddenly it seemed to smother and choke. The Thing was inside.

His heart beating in his throat, Hudson listened. Silence. Still silence. Then the faintest movement down below in the dark. Then a sound that was hardly a sound—a sort of muttering, like

a man talking to himself in a heavy sleep. A creaking and rustling; again that inhuman voice; then, clear, distinct, unspeakably certain—a heavy step on the stair. . . .

With a shriek of uttermost terror Hudson fell back into the sleeping-room and rushed to the bed. He threw himself into it and dragged the clothes over him—sheets, blankets, pillows—like a child fleeing from the terror of the dark.

But for all his tight-shut eyes and for all the huddle of clothes above him, and for all the mantle of the darkness, he knew that presently someone stood for a time in the room and watched him. And in his nostrils was the smell of old sea cloth soaked and wringing wet.

## VI.

On the Saturday morning in clear open weather Cattán and Riach lay on their oars in the rise and fall of the sea off Fladda Rock. The tower stood up above them white and silent as it had stood on other visits—and with the same air of holding a secret it did not choose to reveal.

Something of this must have been in Riach's prosaic mind, for he said half-aloud—

'Ay, gin ye cud but speak!'

He turned to Cattán.

'It's fell quiet?'

'Ay,' said Cattán uneasily, 'it's fell quiet. D'ye mind—'

'I mind fine!' said Riach quickly. 'There's nae call to mind me o' onything. Gi'e him a cry, Cattán.'

Cattán made a funnel of his huge hands and sent a shout ringing across the narrow space of water. As if in answer to a signal the door of the light flew open, and a man came slowly down the steps towards them. He had the figure of Burke Hudson, but his bare head was grey and he looked at them with a stranger's eyes.

Cattán manœuvred the boat up to the rock and they stared at the man who stood waiting. Riach drew in his breath with a sharp hiss.

'God be wi's!' said Cattán. 'What ails ye?'

The ghost of a smile, a smile of contempt for their manifest terror, played over Hudson's face. What had *they* to be afraid of; what did *they* know of fear?

'I'm all right,' he said, and at the sound of his voice Riach



drew a breath of relief, 'but I'm not staying here any longer.' He laughed bitterly at Cattan's staring eyes. 'No, I'm not mad yet, but I will be if I try another week of this.'

They made fast the boat and helped him out with his things. They made no attempt at remonstrance or persuasion; to Hudson's surprise they accepted the abandonment of the light as a matter of course.

'You've been through this before,' he said.

'Ay,' said Cattan, 'twice. But ane o' them wis——'

'Haud yer tongue, man Cattan,' said Riach sharply.

At the last Hudson went back to the living-room for something he had forgotten. Sitting in the boat, itching already to be gone, they saw him come out with a small object in his hands—a book of sorts, it seemed. He stood on the edge of the rock idly turning over its pages as if trying to make up his mind whether to bring it away or not. He dwelt over it so long that Riach grew impatient.

'Come awa',' he cried. 'Come awa' an' let's oot o' this.'

His shout seemed to bring Hudson to a decision. He closed the book with a snap; his arm swung like a man about to hurl a bomb. Fluttering like a bird the book flew over their heads and went with a silver splash into the deep water beyond. Hudson jumped down into the boat.

'What wis yon?' said Cattan curiously.

'Nothing,' said Hudson. 'An old book. It's better in the sea. I think it belonged there.'

Cattan spat on his great hands; his heavy black eyebrows drew together in a frown over his sombre Celtic eyes.

'If a' wis kennit,' said he dourly, 'there's mair things in the sea than fish an' drooned sailors.'

He bent to his oars; and the boat spun over the dancing waters towards Foidachin.

HILTON BROWN.

## ADVENTURES IN PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE (F. HARCOURT KITCHIN).

### I. PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE IN THE 'NINETIES.

[THE book from which these advance chapters are taken is dedicated to the memory of Charles Frederic Moberly Bell, who was 'Assistant Manager' of *The Times* from 1890 to 1908, and thereafter Managing Director until in 1911 he died in his chair at the office of *The Times* in Printing House Square. For many years I have desired to write the story of Moberly Bell's gallant, unsparing fight to save *The Times* from the fate which overtook it in 1908—the sale to outside interests. In the end, when he realised that the fight had been lost, he was himself the means of making smooth the path of the purchaser, Lord Northcliffe. I have wanted to write the drama of Printing House Square as I saw it enacted before me, and to draw, with such skill as I may possess, portraits of those who played their parts in it—and especially the portrait of an heroic figure, a born fighter, and a devoted lover of the old newspaper which he served for twenty-one years. He spent himself to save it, and when he learned that he had saved only the shell of it, and not the spirit, he died.

It was not until the association of *The Times* with the Northcliffe interests had come to an end that I felt free to discharge the duty which I owed to Moberly Bell's memory. But then it seemed that the seal of confidence which restrained my writing hand had been broken. I was employed by the proprietors of the old *Times* from 1895 until the spring of 1908. I then served as Assistant Manager under the Northcliffe proprietary until in the summer of 1909 I left to go to Scotland as Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*. Now that both the proprietaries of *The Times* to which I was bound have ended, I am a freed man.

Many of those who were in authority at Printing House Square in the course of my fourteen years are now dead : Mr. Arthur Walter, the Governing Proprietor ; Mr. Godfrey Walter, the Manager of the Printing Business ; Mr. Moberly Bell, the titular Assistant Manager of *The Times* ; Lord Northcliffe ; and Mr. Kennedy

Jones. Mr. George Earle Buckle, the Editor, and Mr. J. B. Capper, the senior Assistant Editor, are happily alive, though long since retired. G. E. Buckle, released from the galling fetters of a daily editorship, has since achieved supremacy in the field of his own keen interests—political history. The scholar and writer who could, after his public work seemed done, produce the Buckle volumes of the Beaconsfield 'Life'—and especially those last two immortal volumes—is secure in his fame.

I shall in this book write of all these men and of others, both living and dead. I shall tell the truth as I saw it—or thought that I saw it—and tell it not unkindly, either to the living or to the dead. This is a story of failure, yet of a rather splendid failure; it is, maybe, better to fail splendidly, while holding strongly to one's ideals, than to succeed ignobly.]

I arrived in the City Office of *The Times* in April 1895 in the queerest fashion. It was just a passing freak of the Manager, Moberly Bell, to send me there on trial for six months. Neither he nor anyone else really needed my services at that time; yet there I went, and at *The Times* I stayed in various capacities for fourteen years! I found afterwards that my experience was not quite unique. My friend, Mr. J. B. Capper, who was Assistant Editor under Mr. Buckle for more than a quarter of a century, used to assert that he had never been appointed at all, at any time! He went, I fancy, to fill a holiday vacancy in 1878, and there he stayed for thirty-five years. Another old friend of mine at *The Times* office, the present Bishop of Worcester, was asked by the regular ecclesiastical expert—*The Times* office swarmed with experts—to take his duty while he was away. Dr. Pearce went and did the job. Then when the clerical expert's post fell vacant Pearce just carried on. To his amusement Buckle came one evening and asked him who he was, and—in polite terms—what the blazes he was doing in that galley. Pearce explained, Buckle laughed his great splendid laugh, and all ended happily. Pearce continued to carry on for years and years. It will be observed that there was no red tape about the old *Times*. Nevertheless, we did not all appoint ourselves.

I will now tell how I entered the service of *The Times*, where I remained—with a brief interval as a specialist outside contributor—until my appointment in the summer of 1909 as Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*. I was then Assistant Manager of *The Times*.

The whole of my editorial life in daily journalism has been passed in the offices of these two newspapers, one of the first rank in England and the other of the first rank in Scotland. Thanks to my most fortunate training in finance and business, I was always in the strong position of being able to earn a comfortable income outside as a specialist contributor, and never was compelled to fight my way through the vastly overcrowded ranks of journalism. If I could not Get On inside a newspaper office, I was always prepared to Get Out.

One day an inspiration came to me to write to Moberly Bell, the power behind the proprietors of *The Times*, and offer my services in the City Office. It was one of the many happy inspirations which I have had and have always followed. I set out my 'experience' as a contributor to several London papers on financial subjects, and my technical training as an Associate of the Institute of Actuaries. I had been a Wrangler at Cambridge, spent a year teaching school at the Oxford Military College, and after that worked for four years at life assurance in the City. In course of post I received a form of application. The preparation and despatch of these forms of application gave Moberly Bell vast pleasure. He loved to be thought business-like, though really he was one of the least business-like of men with whom I have ever worked. I filled in the form as well as I could and sent it off, expecting to hear nothing further. I was an unknown outsider, and the application had been sent in under a mere impulse. But by return of post came a letter for me in Moberly Bell's own handwriting. It was his habit to spend many hours of every day in writing long letters in his own hand—to anybody who excited his interest. He was a most admirable letter-writer—and one of the finest newspaper controversialists who ever lived—but if he would have dictated his letters to clerks instead of writing them with his own hand, he might not have worn himself out at a comparatively early age. But to his dying day in *The Times* office itself he continued this laborious manner of correspondence, and it was while writing one of these letters that he fell dead from his chair.

Moberly Bell was unusually brief in this first letter out of many hundreds which I received from him. He asked me to call as soon as possible at *The Times* office. I went, and there met the man who counted for more than anyone else at Printing House Square. I shall have a great deal to say about him later on. I came to know him very well indeed and to love him, though there were not

many of my colleagues who shared my feelings. Perhaps most of them only knew him through those caustic letters of his refusing them advances in their salaries. I myself received several of them. Moberly Bell said, 'I liked your application, and especially the modesty of your requirements. When can you come to our City Office?' I was prepared, I replied, to go at the shortest notice, for I had already given up my insurance job. He told me that he would write to me again, and I went away with my head in the air. Thirty years ago *The Times* was *The Times*, the summit of earthly ambition in the eyes of aspirants in journalism. Two weeks passed and I heard nothing. Then I ventured to call at Printing House Square, and was shown up to Mr. Walter's room in which sat the governing proprietor of *The Times* and Moberly Bell, his 'Assistant Manager.' In theory Mr. Walter was his own manager. It soon appeared that Moberly Bell had forgotten all about me, and that Mr. Walter had never heard of me. It was an embarrassing interview. Moberly Bell said shortly, 'I will speak to Hooper' (who had recently been appointed City Editor), and so dismissed me. My head and tail were both depressed as I left. It then seemed that my rosy visions of *The Times* office—and of ultimate succession to its editorial chair—had been premature. But Moberly Bell did speak to Wynnard Hooper, who communicated with me. Hooper and I had one or two meetings, but as Bell had given no instructions concerning me they were rather inconclusive. I don't suppose Moberly Bell would have given any instructions concerning me if I had not resolved upon the very strange course—that is, strange anywhere else though not at *The Times*—of just going to the City Office and taking up my quarters there. Hartley Withers, my first colleague and oldest friend, was in charge; Hooper worked with Printing House Square as his headquarters. Withers was kindness itself, so was Frank Stone and a humorous youth named Briggs, yet not one of them had a halfp'orth of an idea as to why I had come and what was to be done with me. Nevertheless I carried on. Duties were invented for me.

At the end of a week no arrangements had been made for paying me a salary. The cashier had never heard of me. There seemed to be a grave flaw in my campaign for taking possession of *The Times* City Office. What happened then astonishes me even now. I was not really wanted, I had no definite duties, and Moberly Bell would have been content never to have seen or heard of me again. Nevertheless, when I wrote boldly, stating that I had

joined and would he kindly give instructions that I should be paid four pounds a week—which was the modest salary that had excited Bell's original interest—the marvellous thing happened. Orders were given to pay me in due form, and there I was established, with my foot in *The Times* office and receiving a weekly salary. I have laughed over all this many times with Moberly Bell. 'You were so devilish persistent,' he explained. And then with that winning smile of his—though he *did* look rather like a baldheaded eagle—he added, 'I am jolly glad that you were.'

We were a happy family in that old City Office of *The Times* nearly thirty years ago. When I recall the plethora of 'money' in those sumptuous days—the Bank rate was pegged at two per cent. for over two years, and bank bills were discounted at one-half per cent. per annum—I almost wish that I had not survived until these years of penury. My most startling contribution to the financial columns of *The Times* arose out of this long-pegged Bank rate. There was a second edition of *The Times* published about two o'clock in the afternoon. It contained scraps of financial news and an opening Share List. One Thursday it was my job to send down to Printing House Square the items for this second edition. I had so often been to the Bank and seen the rate board marked 'No Change' that I had given up all idea of any change. The Bank rate always had in my time been two per cent., and I did not see why it should not remain two per cent. until my grandchildren came along. So I omitted to go to the Bank that morning. Of course that blamed Bank rate did change that day! So *The Times*, the great City authority, came out with 'No Change' while all the evening papers had the advance in Bank rate on their news-bills. It was an awful miss, though fortunately it did not matter much. Nobody at Printing House Square paid the smallest attention to what was, or was not, in the second edition—which, as far as I could discover, had no circulation worth bothering about—so that the failure of the City Office (meaning me) to detect the absurd move up of the Bank rate passed wholly unnoticed. Nobody said a word to me about it—except, of course, the distracted Hooper—and I continued to draw my weekly salary.

Twenty-seven years later, in December of 1922, the happy family which discharged its important duties in *The Times* City Office in 1895, met at luncheon. We were all present—Hooper (who looked the youngest among us grey-haired veterans), Hartley Withers, Frank Stone, the once Boy Briggs, and Harcourt Kitchin.



We are all alive still, perhaps because in those merry days of our youth none of us did too much work.

After twelve months of the City Office as fifth wheel of the coach I left for Printing House Square. Those twelve months have left a deep impress on my life. I learned the technique of City journalism, the value of a personal connexion among financial authorities, and the methods of collecting Stock Exchange and Money Market information, and I clearly perceived the narrowness of the purely City range of news as then understood by *The Times*. Of finance as the handmaid of industry and of commerce, national and international, one saw little except through symbols like bank rates and discount rates for fine paper. We paid small heed to commercial bills, and when we had given the chief points in the profit and loss account and balance sheet of a trading company, our job was ended. Even in regard to the companies close at hand the City Office of that day did not often peer behind the figures and seek to understand the actual daily business which was done. It required no great acumen to perceive that there was a vast unoccupied field awaiting the little spade of a newspaper pioneer. Specialist papers existed, trade papers, which dealt with insurance and shipping and the numberless branches of industry and commerce, but for *The Times* and other daily journals those fields of human enterprise scarcely existed. We had Market Reports, prepared by an agency, and there we stopped. I proposed to myself, and afterwards partially carried through my intentions, to do for insurance and shipping and industry on a big scale what the City Office did for pure finance. Years later I expressed in the form of an aphorism what I learned in 1895-6 in Bartholomew Lane: 'News does not depend upon the occurrence of events, but on the presence of reporters.' The truth of this is so obvious that it does not need to be underlined. News which is not reported simply runs to waste in so far as newspapers and their readers are concerned. Industrial finance and shipping, the big developments of commerce, the numberless fields of business energy, scarcely existed as material for news because there was no one to take a keen interest in them and to look after them. So I cast myself for the part. My way of advance was blocked at the City Office. Hartley Withers, of the same age within a month, was in possession of the City end; Wynnard Hooper, my senior by several years though still in early middle life, was in possession of the Printing House Square end as adviser on finance to the Editor.

In so far as the range of the City Office stretched I was in a blind alley. So when Moberly Bell suggested one day that I should have a run at Printing House Square in the sub-editorial departments I joyfully accepted the offer. Before I could become a specialist contributor in my own subjects—an 'authority' as I put it, Heaven be merciful to me!—it was clearly essential that the Great Ones of Printing House Square should become aware of my existence and become convinced of my ability to deliver goods of an acceptable standard. Mr. Kipling had begun to write of 'Little Tin Gods,' but in my eyes then the gods of Printing House Square were of pure refined gold. To this day, though I approach Mr. Buckle boldly, address him familiarly, and have played golf with him, he still towers as the man who was Editor of *The Times* when I first thrust myself in as a humble beginner. I feel towards him much as a curate, who has later become himself a minor Bishop, must feel towards that unique Bishop who ordained him to the priesthood. The gap between the chief and the subordinate, between school-master and boy, never quite closes up in subsequent years. After he became eminent, my old pupil, Sir Eric Geddes, once lunched with me at the Savile as my guest. I could perceive in his slightly apprehensive eye a subconscious fear lest, as in old days at the Oxford Military College, I should impatiently smack his too solid skull.

Moberly Bell's offer arose out of a difference of opinion between us in the matter of my pay. I had suggested that if I were worth four pounds a week at the beginning of a year I ought to be worth five pounds a week at the end of it. Moberly Bell smiled rather nastily. 'Not as fifth wheel of the coach at the City Office,' said he, indelicately. I hastened to divert his attention from the instability of my status. I reminded him that at *The Times* were many mansions, and assured him of my capacity to fill any of them.

'I will give you five pounds a week in Number Seven,' replied Bell, and added, 'You will find a year or two there worth while.' Number Seven, a cavernous back room with a smell of sour meat, was then the department of Home Sub-editors. It was ill-ventilated and cheerless, and was afterwards, and most appropriately, allotted to visitors who desired to see the Editor. The atmosphere and gloom of Number Seven quickly reduced editorial visitors from roaring lions to the most humble, obedient servants.

After a moment of reflection I accepted Number Seven and the

five pounds a week. And so I withdrew my foot from the City Office and planted it firmly in Printing House Square.

The salary offered may seem small in the eyes of young fellows who have had no experience of the spacious days of the middle 'nineties. Multiply it by two, make a further addition for taxation, and you will get something over twelve guineas a week as a post-war equivalent. And also it should be borne in mind that neither in the City Office nor in Printing House Square was my official salary the measure of my income. My outside and inside connexions grew—my contributions to *The Times* on my special subjects were paid for at three pounds a column—and my income then and for some years afterwards was never less than seven or eight pounds a week, the equivalent of sixteen to eighteen pounds a week now.

The old *Times* of the Walters—which came to an end in 1908—was, in a latter-day phrase, like nothing on earth. In its constitution and in its atmosphere it was unique. No present-day newspaper, constituted as it was and conducted as it was, could keep for twelve months out of the Bankruptcy Court. To this disastrous end the old *Times* nearly came; yet it had a long run for its money, and in its day made many fortunes. Let me try to describe it faithfully as I gradually, under the auspices of Moberly Bell, came to know it intimately.

We will begin with the proprietorship and constitution of the newspaper. There were in Printing House Square three distinct properties and two distinct sets of proprietors, who, though they overlapped as individuals, yet remained in water-tight compartments as owners. The three properties were: *The Times* as a newspaper, with its subsidiary publications; the buildings in which the newspaper was housed and carried on; and the contract for printing the paper, together with the plant for printing. Nowadays all these three properties in all newspapers, including the modern *Times*, are under one ownership and one management. In my day, and until 1908, they were at *The Times* under two ownerships and three managements. This was by no means a trinity in unity, for the interests of the two ownerships were widely different. If it had not been for the rather precariously binding cement of the Walter interest in the two ownerships and the three managements the old *Times* could not have endured for a month.

The buildings were the private freehold property of the Walter family, of which the life interest was in the hands of Mr. Walter,

the head of the family, and Mr. Godfrey Walter, his half-brother. The perpetual contract for printing the paper and the ownership of all the printing plant—and incidentally the appointment of all caserom and machine hands, and so on—was in the hands of these two Walters as co-partners. The management of the printing office, and of all that pertained to it, was vested in my day in Mr. Godfrey Walter. Thirdly, there was the copyright of *The Times* as a newspaper—the goodwill, in fact, of the newspaper as a going concern; this was owned, not by a company, but by an association of private partners, who individually had all the rights and liabilities of private partners. This partnership of owners of the copyright—among whom Mr. Walter's interests were considerable, though by no means predominant (about one-eighth)—owned nothing else, not a stick or brick of the buildings, not a font of type, not a spanner in the machine-room. Had not the partners in the purely newspaper ownership constituted Mr. Walter, one of their number, Governing Proprietor and Hereditary Manager, the newspaper could not have been carried on at all. As it was, the horrible defects in the constitution, the fatal duality of ownership, worked tolerably well for so long as the newspaper earned profits. But the moment it ceased to earn profits, and losses had to be faced, then the defects in the constitution, which had been papered over, yawned like cañons. For the partners in the ownership of the newspaper, though they had abandoned their rights in the management of their property to Mr. Walter, could not also abandon their liabilities. They were, as I came to understand the position, jointly and severally liable just as are any other private partners in any other enterprise. It was because the private partners took fright that their joint and several liabilities in the old *Times*, as a newspaper, came under the protection of the Court of Chancery. That Court judicially directed the partnership to be dissolved and *The Times* to be sold. Of this I shall tell in its place.

We shall see how this ancient constitution of *The Times*, which had grown up out of the foundation of the *Daily Universal Register* by the first John Walter in 1785, came to influence more and more the conduct of the newspaper as a daily publication. Mr. Walter, the Hereditary Manager, called to his aid as 'Assistant Manager' Charles Frederic Moberly Bell, who had been resident in Egypt for twenty-one years and had there acted as Correspondent of *The Times*. In similar fashion Mr. Walter's father, the third John Walter, had Mowbray Morris, and later J. C. McDonald, as his

Assistant Managers. Though Moberly Bell was a great and distinguished personality, and all the ordinary details of daily management were left to him, yet Mr. Walter was the Manager-in-Chief, to whom all matters of importance had to be submitted. As the fortunes of *The Times* became more and more precarious Moberly Bell became more and more the predominating influence in its destinies. He towered, and beside him the form of Mr. Walter—a modest, kindly gentleman—seemed to shrink. Nevertheless, Mr. Walter could at any moment that he chose override Moberly Bell's plans. It was no fault of Mr. Walter that the great place in the world which he had inherited proved too big for him. It would have been too big for most men of his birth and training. *The Times* was the most famous public institution of its kind in the world, and year by year *The Times* was going further down that perilous declivity which always yawns in the path of great hereditary businesses which do not move with the moving world.

The constitution of *The Times*, with its Hereditary Manager in the head of the Walter family and its powerful Assistant Manager, brought about relations between the management and editorial sides which in themselves might have been fatal to success. There was a tradition of official hostility between the management and editorial sides which, happily, had ceased to operate in my time. Bell used to tell me that Mowbray Morris and Delane were frequently not on speaking terms; that they conducted *The Times* of their day much as Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt conducted the Government of 1894-5. But in those days *The Times* had no serious rival: it was the newspaper in London of largest as well as of most influential circulation, and could run itself, though editor and manager fought with one another behind the scenes. But in my day, and for twenty years before my day, *The Times* had most serious rivals. *The Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph* had taken from it most of its small advertisements—the 'Situations' and 'Wants,' of which every newspaper manager knows the value—and with its price of threepence it found life hard in daily competition with strong and rising newspapers at one penny. Happily, as I have said, the tradition of hostility between the management and the editor's room was of the past. Moberly Bell, the actual Manager, and G. E. Buckle, the Editor, worked together as twin skippers, or as skipper and chief engineer—I don't quite know how to describe by analogy their relations the one to the other. But I can tell what they were.

In the full sense of the word, the Editor of *The Times* did not in practice discharge the functions of a sole editor. The full editorship—the kind of editorship which I held in Glasgow—was in commission between Mr. Buckle and Moberly Bell. Buckle's chief interests lay in home and foreign politics and political news, in leading articles, and in those 'Letters to the Editor' which then, as now, were of the very life-blood of *The Times* as a newspaper. Buckle controlled the political views and expressions of opinion of *The Times*, but the whole of the staff, both editorial and management, was in the hands of Moberly Bell.

All the foreign correspondents, all the 'owns' and 'specials,' were appointed and controlled by Moberly Bell. No doubt Buckle retained a powerful voice in their selection and direction, but they were Moberly Bell's meat. They were by far the most expensive items, with their exuberant telegrams, in the outgoings of *The Times* as a newspaper. The whole of the editorial staff was appointed and paid by Moberly Bell. We took our immediate instructions from Buckle, but we looked to the approval of Moberly Bell for our chances of promotion. One could see how Moberly Bell's early experiences as *The Times* Correspondent in Egypt coloured his influence over the foreign side of the paper. In his eyes foreign news was inestimably more important than home news. He forgot that, as was said once, a cab accident in the Strand interests far more readers of a London paper than an earthquake in China. He lavished labour and money on 'own' and 'special' correspondents—a 'special' might be almost anyone, but an 'own' in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna was a field-marshal in journalism—and paid scarcely any attention to home events. The result was that the home news, starved of money, was gravely defective—except in Parliamentary reports, Law and politics—while the foreign news was lavish and very good indeed of its peculiar kind. There has never since the Black Year of 1908 been anything in London journalism to compare with the range, the quality, and the impartiality of the foreign news of the old *Times*. Its one great defect was its complete divorce from common human interests. And the cost of it! 'My wur-r-r-rd,' as my staff used to say in Glasgow. Bell and I, in the days when we were trying to apply the axe to the appalling daily outgoings of *The Times*, used to reckon that the home news—salaries, expenses, outside contributors, everything—cost us on the average, say, £x a column of daily home news space. But the foreign news—much of it not up to



the highest class—would often run away, in 'owns' and 'specials' and telegrams and expenses, with not much less than £40x a column of foreign news space. The daily standing charges of the foreign news pages per column amounted to ten times those of the home news columns. In time of war—when, for instance, *The Times* had sixteen correspondents in South Africa, headed by the brilliant Amery—the costs of them all far exceeded £40x a column of the news which they sent. The South African War saw the beginning of the end of lavish expenditure on war correspondents. The censorship, which waxed in sternness with every war, made 'scoops' and 'beats' impossible, and competition which yielded no exclusive news became sheer waste of money. So there arose a spirit of co-operation between newspapers which culminated in the authorised correspondents of the Great War. There we saw, in place of the crowds of competing specials—costing at least £250 a month apiece, exclusive of telegrams—five very capable co-operators who fed the whole Press of the United Kingdom and went a long way to fill the insatiable stomachs of America. But in my early life on *The Times* the old traditions still held, and Moberly Bell went on outpouring vast sums on 'specials' and telegrams which did not add a single regular subscriber to the dwindling ranks of those who daily read the paper.

Home news was by comparison gravely neglected, and the sub-editors, whose business it was to serve up home news for the columns of the paper, were the Cinderellas of the establishment. It was fully understood that creatures so low in editorial regard could not look for any promotion. If it were desired to fill a vacancy in the Editor's room, then recourse was had to some outside candidate—provided that he had had no experience on the staff of any other newspaper. Monypenny and Amery (for a few months) came in from outside as assistant editors, and so later, in 1899, did Bruce Richmond.

It was an unwritten law in the 'nineties that in the preparation of home news for the press no concession should be allowed to human emotions. Men were considered to be absorbed in politics, law, foreign affairs, money, and stocks and shares. Women, if they were considered at all, were taken to have the sombre interests of their men-folk. The rising generation of young men and young women—until Bruce Richmond began to look after sport and other weaknesses of humanity in the second period of my life on *The Times*—were left to go to journals less austere for their daily news. An

immense Parliamentary report was turned out by a competent band of Gallery reporters who formed a class apart. During the recess we saw them occasionally: they acted as general reporters and took duty in the sub-editors' room; but the broad rule held: once a Gallery man, always a Gallery man. Moberly Bell encouraged long Parliamentary reports; he confided in me that they were the cheapest copy per column in the whole paper. Cheapness was the greatest recommendation, in his eyes, which any branch of home news could possess. Two senior members of the Gallery staff, one in the Lords and one in the Commons, prepared daily summaries of what took place. They were the baldest of summaries. Their writers might be brilliant men or the dullest of dull dogs; their personal qualities were not permitted to flavour their summaries. The picturesque Parliamentary sketch, which aimed at presenting portraits of Parliamentary gods, and of bringing out the human side of debates, was not permitted to outrage the fancied tastes of readers of *The Times*. The Parliamentary summary writers, always senior men of long experience, were just wasted over stuff which an intelligent youth could have done equally well. But then that was the tragical note of the old *Times*: waste—waste of human material, waste of brains, waste of money.

Royal functions and Society weddings—they had to be great occasions, like the marriage of Lord Rosebery's daughter to Lord Crewe—were adequately, though rather ponderously, covered by the 'star reporter,' Ernest Brain. My old friend Brain, if he is still with *The Times*, must have nearly fifty years' service behind him. His stately presence and rotund periods—reminiscent of Dr. Samuel Johnson—were exactly suited to the inhuman majesty of *The Times* social reports. I owe this appropriate epithet to that shrewd and disrespectful critic Kennedy Jones. 'A grand paper,' murmured he, as he rose exhausted from the perusal of a special issue of *The Times*—'a grand paper! But isn't it all rather inhuman?' This was in 1908; we were far, far more inhuman in our treatment of news in 1896.

Although Ernest Brain was for years the solitary reporter to whom could be assigned star jobs in London, we had as special correspondents for home work J. E. Vincent and, later, Dr. Shadwell. Vincent was a barrister, a former editor of the *National Observer*, and an old school friend of Buckle. His personal range of interests was wide and, left to himself, he might have brought to

*The Times* now and then that personal touch in news treatment which it so conspicuously lacked. But it was the unhappy fate of Vincent's copy to pass through Number Seven, and Number Seven interpreted its functions in the severest spirit. I have often deleted with my sub-editorial blue pencil passages of Vincent which were lively and entertaining because it was not, in our unwritten code, permissible for *The Times* to be either lively or entertaining. No doubt we went further in deletion than the Editor would have approved. But what else could we have done in the atmosphere which surrounded us? Dull copy was always safe; bright stuff, had we allowed it to pass merely because we ourselves could appreciate bright stuff, might have brought down upon us a grave reproof from the Editor's Room.

Dr. Shadwell's outstanding speciality was the handling of industrial disputes. His manner of dealing with them was perfect and might have served as a model for the representatives of papers more sprightly than *The Times*. Shadwell always examined both sides of an industrial dispute with the utmost care; he weighed the arguments and the data eagerly put before him by employers and men, and then he gave forth a luminous, well-informed, and absolutely impartial presentment of the facts in dispute from both points of view. The splendid note of the old *Times* to which, under Buckle, it was always true—judicial impartiality in news whatever might be the editorial opinions—was sounded at top pitch by Dr. Shadwell. He and a few of his peers—like Morrison of Peking and Repington at his best—gave the invaluable stamp of great personal distinction to their articles in *The Times* of later years. It was due to these few men that *The Times*, in those melancholy years of decline and fall, retained so much of its old prestige. It was extraordinary that with dazzling examples such as Shadwell and Morrison before them, neither the Editor nor Moberly Bell appeared fully to appreciate the inestimable value of the personal note in news correspondence, except perhaps in foreign news. Though, to be sure, there was little enough of the personal note in the dreary flood of leading articles on foreign politics which used to pour over the wires from 'Our Own' correspondents of Paris and Berlin, of Rome and Vienna. Valentine Chirol made a great change, but the time for that was not yet.

It was no part of the tradition of *The Times* in its great days to discourage the personal note. Quite the contrary. *The Times* had been made by the personal note: Delane, the political diner-

out, impressed his personality upon all London ; Russell, as special correspondent in the Crimea, set all England aflame ; Blowitz, in Paris, invented the 'Interview with Great Personages' (usually anonymous and often suspected to be imaginary). Yet Moberly Bell, who had a real newspaper *flair*, and Buckle seemed to disregard the personal treatment of news save when writers were of sufficient power and influence to force their personality into their correspondence. For the warm personal note was substituted the cold, impassive, inhuman note which repelled the younger generation of readers and caused the circulation to drip away remorselessly as the older generation died off. And this was happening at a moment when London journalism was on the eve of a tremendous revolution. I am writing of my experiences in 1896, the year in which Alfred Harmsworth and Kennedy Jones produced the *Daily Mail*. It was an immediate and immense success.

The decorative side of home news was rather better served than that far wider side which touched human beings where they lived and worked and laughed and loved. Nisbet wrote of Drama and the theatre ; Fuller Maitland and Robin Legge had charge of Music and concerts ; Humphry Ward was responsible for Art and picture exhibitions. But upon all these writers a blight seemed to descend. They were restricted in space, and their departments appeared to be looked upon as side-shows, rather a nuisance, especially when their articles, though printed in small, obscure type, took up space which might have been occupied by the darling subjects of home and foreign politics.

As for Literature and reviews of current books, they passed beyond the limits of nuisance in editorial eyes, and became a d—d nuisance, especially when Parliament was sitting. Reviews of books—under the grimly ironical heading of 'Books of the Week'—used to accumulate in long galley proofs, scores of them, until they could correctly have been described as 'Books of Last Month,' and almost as 'Books of Last Year.' Poor Hamilton Fyfe, who was then the Editor's night secretary, used to display these exasperating ribbons of ageing proofs before the eyes of his chief upon the evening of the week when reviews were supposed to have a claim upon the paper's space. If extremely lucky, Fyfe would wring out of the Editor two or three columns of the outer sheet—which was made up in advance of the inner sheet—but he never, during a publishing season, could keep pace with the new books coming in or with the reviews of books held over. So that

most of the reviews which he did force through the editorial barriers were dead and mouldy before they were printed.

Sport, a great public interest even in the 'nineties, was left to the agencies and to one man whom we called 'Sporting Ward.' Pitman, an apple-cheeked old fellow with a green-lined umbrella, who might have stepped out of Frith's 'Derby Day,' wrote accounts of big race meetings. The one editorial virtue of Sport was that it could be got off early and stowed away in the outer sheet.

This brings me to that remarkable mortuary of news which was called the 'outer sheet.' The printing plant of *The Times*—owned by the Walters under their perpetual printing contract—was not of high efficiency. The machines were unable to print and fold at one operation more than quite a limited number of pages, so that as *The Times* grew bigger and bigger it was usually printed in two distinct parts—the inner and the outer sheets. The inner sheet contained the leaders and what was held to be the latest and most important news. The outer sheet was a sort of journalistic dustbin into which 'held-over matter' was shovelled anyhow. A great many of the special contributions which found their way, after long delays, into the outer sheet would have been excellent copy had they been used when they were written. But several days, sometimes several weeks, exhaust the keeping qualities of the best of topical articles.

In the Home sub-editors' room we worked in a series of shifts. I have forgotten the precise hour when the paper went to press. It was about 3.30 A.M. In the editorial rooms hung a printed notice which I can see before me now. It ran: 'Gentlemen are requested not to write after 2.15 A.M. Every line of copy sent to the printer after that hour imperils the publication of the paper.' Think of that, my younger brothers of the Press—you who get rid of your first editions and go comfortably home by midnight! One of the sub-editors would come in at five o'clock, a second would follow at six o'clock, the main body would come into action at eight or nine. Except for the two sub-editors on the early turns no one got away until after three o'clock in the morning. There was a famous train which left Ludgate Hill for the Dulwich area at 3.15. Many of us went by it year in year out. In my earliest days I was permitted to take the second turn, beginning at six o'clock, and my first duty on arrival at Printing House Square was to go through the proofs of 'held-over matter' appertaining to Number Seven. They would consist of reports, paragraphs of

'news,' and miscellaneous material which had not succeeded in getting into the paper for which they had been prepared. Now all this matter, dull though it might be after having been reported and sub-edited in the old *Times* fashion, had once been 'news.' It was news no longer; its little day had passed. Its proper place was the waste-paper basket. Yet no one in authority ever seemed to grasp this simple truth, which is of the essence of daily journalism. What we were instructed to do—I often did it myself when on an early turn—was to take this mass of old proofs and stale copy and to 'bring it up to date for the outer sheet.' I repeat the exact words which were employed to describe the operation. Bringing this worm-eaten rubbish up to date meant changing 'yesterday' into the day of the week, and writing, wherever made necessary by effluxion of time, 'last week' in the place of 'this week.' Then—my typewriter jibs at being forced to put down the incredible story—we marked all this ageing and aged 'news' for the outer sheet of the next day's issue. Some of it got in then, some of it did not. Every line that got in took up the space of real fresh news, and that which did not get in came up again to be 'brought up to date' once more.

The result—the inevitable result—was that the outer sheet of each morning's issue of *The Times* was a receptacle for stale 'news' which ought to have been ruthlessly scrapped. Every day the held-over matter blocked the road which should have been cleared for fresh matter. The more old stuff we succeeded in shoving away into the outer sheet the more of the next day's news failed to get in, became held-over matter, and suffered the degradation of being 'brought up to date' in its turn. Everything that went into the outer sheet was soiled by contact with the detritus of the sub-editors' room. That outer sheet was more than a mortuary: it was a morgue. For, at least, the contents of a mortuary are secluded from the ribald public eye, while the rotting corpses of our morgue were daily displayed before a derisive Fleet Street.

But perhaps I ought not to complain. The system, or want of system, suited me very well. I have secured publication—and payment at £3 a column—for many a special article of mine by getting it marked for the outer sheet. Once safely there upon an obscure page, my articles had a good chance of remaining in when the outer sheet went to press, while had they been put down for the inner sheet, the eagle eye of the Editor, or of J. B. Capper,



the Senior Assistant Editor, would have leaped to their intrusion, with lamentable consequences to my pride and pocket. Once when, as Assistant Manager, I was going through proofs of long standing matter which was congesting the caseroom, I chanced upon an article of my own which had been lying in type for more than six years ! After that lapse of time even I had not the courage 'to bring it up to date.'

The daily congestion from which *The Times* suffered—in home and foreign news, in special articles, book reviews, letters, everything—had a common cause. It was hopelessly upset every day. There was no departmental planning out of the paper every afternoon so that the news of all kinds could be apportioned to the space available. Printing House Square was divided into watertight compartments. The Editor's Room poured out articles and letters ; the home sub-editors' room poured out what it conceived to be home news ; masses of copy flowed in from the Law and Parliamentary reporters and the City Office ; the foreign news sub-editors contributed their whack, and alone had the distinction of trying to fit their telegrams to the daily page or so which was their normal allowance. But all the rest of us overwhelmed the printers with copy subject only to the general check of tightness of space. The consequence was that masses of news and articles sent out every night came up next evening as held-over matter. A present-day editor allots his space with the greatest care among the claimants for it : he decides what news is to be splashed and what cut to the bones ; he ruthlessly throws out whatever of perishable substance he cannot publish while it is fresh. *The Times* did the exact opposite ; it every day spoiled the fresh news by declining to scrap the old. Now and then there would be a kind of gaol delivery : old proofs would be brought up, condemned, and deleted. But it was done on no system. It was merely a spasmodic effort to break loose from the trammels of the lack of system.

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If I were asked to set forth in a sentence the basic causes of the failure of the old *Times* to maintain itself against modern newspaper competition, I should respond in very few words. The causes were : first, its vicious constitution with the two sets of proprietors ; and, secondly, its almost complete isolation in the 'nineties from the developments which had been taking place in Fleet Street during the last thirty years of the nineteenth century. I would not have it thought that I seek to throw the responsibility for the

failure upon three men : Mr. Walter, the Governing Proprietor of the newspaper as a newspaper ; Moberly Bell, in fact, though not in title, the Manager of the newspaper ; and G. E. Buckle, the Editor. I regard all three of them as the unhappy victims of the constitution, and of the isolation which cut them off from all experience of, and with, other newspapers. Their lack of contact with the teeming activities of Fleet Street was a tremendous, a fatal, disability. I do not know how the aloofness of *The Times* from Fleet Street came about. It was conspicuous in all things when I went to Printing House Square in 1896, but it had most certainly not been characteristic of Printing House Square during the great days of *The Times*. Then, the third John Walter was far in advance of his times in mechanical enterprise and in the encouragement of inventors of new type-setting and printing plants. Delane, whatever we may now think of his ways, was a born journalist, who watched his competitors as a master swordsman might watch an active opponent in front of his point. There was, in those days, no lack of the vigilance which alone can keep newspapers, however old and honoured, alive and hearty. *The Times* of the 'fifties and 'sixties distanced its competitors in circulation, in reputation, and in profit-earning capacity, because it was superior to its competitors at all points of the great game. *The Times* of my early days had lost everything except a high sense of superiority, which by itself was a most paralysing inheritance. If Mr. Walter, Moberly Bell, and Buckle had been granted in their early years the good fortune of being compelled to fight their own way in the rough-and-tumble of journalism, there might never have been the decline and fall of *The Times* which ended with the sale to Lord Northcliffe in 1908.

I shall have to deal in my next chapter with the splendid traditions of *The Times*, its impartiality in the selection and presentation of news and its untiring pursuit of accuracy of fact ; for the while I am concerned with the disastrous tradition which had, perhaps, been derived from a misapprehension of Delane's success. Delane was successful because he appealed to the prevailing tastes of the cultivated readers of his times. He did not succeed because he happened to concentrate most of his attention upon home and foreign politics. He concentrated upon these subjects because his readers wanted any amount of them, and wanted them hot and strong. *The Times* of Delane was never what we now call a 'popular' newspaper. It had not a twentieth part of the circulation

of the present day *Daily Mail*. But the public for whom Delane catered wanted certain things, and Delane made it his business to supply them. It was the misfortune of the comparatively modern *Times* of the 'nineties that the tastes of the educated public had changed a good deal since the days of Delane, and that *The Times* had not changed with them. To the mass of the younger generation it was a great big dull sheet monstrously ill arranged, which their fathers might have leisure to read, but which they had not. They were proud of it as the greatest newspaper in the world, but God forbid that they should be expected to read it.

The moral isolation of *The Times* was instantly felt by every young man of perception who entered Printing House Square. I, who have known the atmosphere both of the old *Times* and Whitehall, give first place without hesitation to the old *Times*. Separated from the busy hive of journalism—which for convenience one calls Fleet Street—by no more than the width of Ludgate Circus, *The Times* lived in a world of its own creation. And its technical isolation, both mechanical and editorial, was as complete as its moral isolation. It had not moved with the times in its news columns, and it had not moved with the times in the very progressive arts of presentation and production. Printing House Square was as remotely 'superior' to Fleet Street in mental attitude as it was inferior to Fleet Street in technical equipment.

There was not a single man in authority in *The Times* office who had had any real experience of newspaper methods other than those of *The Times* itself. Mr. Walter, when I first set foot in Printing House Square, had recently succeeded his father, the third John Walter. I had never met the third John Walter, but from what I heard of him I should judge that he was not a man to pay much attention to the ways of other newspapers. He is reported to have declared once that he was 'not aware of the existence of the *Daily Telegraph*.' The third John Walter was receptive of ideas in his youth, but I fancy that he reigned too long—nearly fifty years. Mr. Arthur Walter's mind was not like this, in its perfect detachment, but he did not know, and scarcely could know, much of what went on on the other side of Ludgate Circus. Moberly Bell, after twenty-one years of life in Egypt where he had been a Correspondent of *The Times*, was brought home in 1890 to be assistant manager to Mr. Walter. He knew as little of other newspapers as did his titular chief. Mr. Buckle was appointed editor in the early 'eighties when a young man of great promise from Oxford.

He had had no opportunity of seeing how things were done in other newspaper offices. I do not suppose that any of these men ever suspected until too late how out of date *The Times* had become. No men, no matter what their natural ability and aptitude for a job, can compete in the open market for their wares unless they have all the assistance which modern plant and processes can give them. In the newspaper fight against Fleet Street *The Times* was like an army which put up Tower muskets against machine guns. Right down to the sale of the paper in 1908 there was not a Linotype or a Monotype type-casting machine in the whole office. The paper was set by the old obsolete Kastenbein, which took two men and a boy to do the work of one man with the Linotype, and then left over the distribution of type to be done by other machines and men. And the printing plant was so defective that the paper usually had to be produced in two parts, the notorious inner and outer sheets. This mechanical handicap was the direct result of that division in ownership and control which tied *The Times* as a newspaper in the perpetual bonds of a printing contract held by the Walters. Though Moberly Bell managed *The Times* subject to the control of the governing proprietor, it was Godfrey Walter who controlled the printing office.

I have already referred to the disparity in attention given to home and foreign news. If it be thought that I exaggerate, that no newspaper proprietors or managers in the 'nineties of last century would frequently spend £40x a column on foreign news as compared with £x a column on home news, let these facts be taken into account. Foreign news correspondence was the primary interest of Moberly Bell. He poured out money upon it and gave a large part of his working day to its organisation. Foreign politics, next perhaps to home politics, was the primary interest of Buckle, the Editor. At Printing House Square there was an accomplished Foreign Editor as skilled adviser to the Editor, and sometimes an Assistant Foreign Editor as well. In my time Donald Mackenzie Wallace was Foreign Editor, and later Valentine Chirol. It was always impressed upon me when I served in the foreign sub-editors' room that foreign news was a deep personal interest of Mr. Walter, the governing proprietor. So here we have four men of *The Times* hierarchy, three of them the most exalted and powerful in that hierarchy, all devoted to the task of making *The Times* the greatest exponent of foreign news—especially of European politics—in the world. Of course they had

much justification for what they did. *The Times* had always enjoyed a great reputation for its foreign intelligence and would have committed a crowning blunder had its controllers permitted that reputation to become tarnished. But everything on the foreign side which was worth doing could have been done at far less expense, and no excellence in foreign news can be an excuse in London for neglecting to pay proper regard to home news. Except in time of war no newspaper can attract a large number of readers by foreign news, especially when most of that consists of European politics.

Now see how this lavish regard for that spoiled beauty foreign news stands beside the poor household drudge home news. If we set aside home politics, which always was the primary interest of the Editor, we find that home news had not a friend in Printing House Square. Moberly Bell, whose business it had become to look after it, cared not a rap about it; his indifference to all branches of sport was as complete as that of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who paid the heavy price of not believing in bodily exercise; and his one interest in home affairs was how most thoroughly to keep down its cost. Buckle had occasional spasms of interest, especially after *The Times* had made itself conspicuous by a bad miss; he visited the home sub-editors' room once every evening, and then went off to attend to matters which for him had a stronger appeal. There was no Assistant Editor charged with the supervision of home news arrangements or with responsibility for its adequate supply. There was no News Editor on duty in the forenoons to follow up the events of the day and to foresee the importance of events of the morrow. There was not one solitary reporter in attendance at Printing House Square in the mornings ready to take on what the Americans call an urgent 'assignment.' So it happened that if agencies such as the Press Association, and correspondents in provincial centres, did not cover what *The Times* held to be the events of the day, *The Times* just got left. And *The Times* very often did get left. Sometimes there was a row, more often there was not. The Editor on the warpath, with his huge form, tawny hair and beard, and flashing eyes, looked like an angry Viking and sent us all scurrying for shelter. But the storm would pass, and the old bad ways be resumed. The one unhappy man, perfunctorily charged with some responsibility for making advance arrangements for home news, was the chief homesub-editor, who, at about 2.30 A.M., after a hard night's work,

would go through the 'tickets' and allot them to various reporters and correspondents. These 'tickets' were invitations to attend meetings and so on which had been sent in to *The Times* office. Speaking by and large, apart from a few special arrangements made with Ernest Brain, J. E. Vincent and Dr. Shadwell (partly by the chief sub-editor and partly by the Editor's Room) there was no provision in regard to an adequate service of home news. And the status of home news was reflected in the status of all those who had anything to do with it. This did not matter to a bird of passage like the present writer, but it mattered a very great deal to the men, some of them brilliant men, who saw the years pass in the home sub-editors' room with no prospect before them of advancement. They were wasted, as so many others at Printing House Square were wasted.

Perhaps the best way of illustrating the deficiency of *The Times* in editorial and mechanical technique will be to take an example which every newspaper reader will readily apprehend. In the days of Delane there was no such thing as a technique of display and make-up of news. Readers then would appear to have spent the entire waking day quarrying in the columns of *The Times* for the news which had therein been buried overnight. The news was not presented to them; only by the exercise of patience and long suffering were they permitted to enjoy it. Maybe they enjoyed it all the more when they found it, but the search must have been a long job. One day at Printing House Square I turned up a file for the Crimean War just to see for myself how the great Delane edited *The Times* of his day. It was difficult to believe that anybody had edited it at all. I took an issue which contained one of those Russell letters which fired England from end to end. England must have been extraordinarily combustible. For that letter was printed in four solid columns of small type without a relieving crosshead. It was headed, I think, 'Letter from the Crimea' and dated; that was all. There was nothing to call the attention of readers to the momentous contents of that letter, and I am sure that *The Times* then never condescended to display a newsbill in the streets. After studying with respectful wonder the presentation by Delane of his star feature, Russell's letter, I turned to the parliamentary report. Seventeen columns of solid minion! There was a heading, 'Proceedings in Parliament,' or something snappy like that, but no further line of description. Walls and walls of solid type without a crosshead to cheer the reader upon his weary



way. If a speaker got a paragraph all to himself he was a proud man.

The purpose of this digression is to illustrate the extent of the progress in the technique of presentation and make-up between the days of Delane and the 'nineties of the last century. The first issue of the *Daily Mail* of 1896 in its display and arrangement is not unlike the *Daily Mail* of yesterday. Even *The Times* had learned something of display. Very properly it exercised great restraint. For if one gets into the habit of shouting every day there is no shout left loud enough for the death of a king or the outbreak of a war. I make no complaint of lack of adequacy in the headlines and crossheads of *The Times* of the 'nineties. This part of the technical lesson had been learned. But the vastly important lesson of the make-up of news had not been learned at all. Fleet Street knew all about it, but *The Times*, which ignored Fleet Street, did not know.

There was an immense quantity of good stuff, dull perhaps, yet really good stuff, in the old *Times*. There was now and then brilliant stuff. But it was made as difficult as possible to find. No regular feature, except the leading articles and the foreign news, was placed upon the same page each day. On a Monday, say, the City article would be at the beginning; on a Tuesday, say, it would be at the end. The parliamentary report of a short sitting would be in the outer sheet; the report of a long sitting would be in the inner sheet. And so on all the way through the paper. No regular reader, opening the old *Times* and looking for the news in which he was principally interested, could ever make sure of finding it at once. Complaints poured in verbally and by letter. Almost everyone whom I met in the City spoke to me about it. The stock reply was that *The Times* supplied an index which could always be consulted by those who sought to thread their way through the mazes of its columns. But the British newspaper reader has no use for an index. He likes to seize upon his familiar journal and turn at once to his own cherished page. And if a newspaper, even *The Times*, persists in refusing to give him the arrangement that he wants, a day will dawn when he, exasperated, will go to some other newspaper which does. I say, in all seriousness, that no single circumstance more surely drove once faithful readers away from the old *Times* and choked off the younger generation of new readers, than the almost complete disregard for a regular make-up. Readers may have been spoiled by the deft ways in which their

custom had been catered for elsewhere ; the intricacies of *The Times* bothered them, and they preferred to give up *The Times* rather than put up with the bother.

*The Times* was never editorially made-up in the days of which I write, nor in the days of other reforms of which I shall write later. The Editor and Moberly Bell were told by the printing department that it could not be done. They possessed neither the technical knowledge nor the power to overrule the printing department. So it came about that *The Times* was flung together by the foreman of the caseroom, and he got away the slabs of metal as it suited his mechanical convenience. *The Times*, in newspaper language, was made-up with a shovel, and a rough unhandy shovel at that. I did not during my service with *The Times* learn one quarter as much about make-up as I taught myself afterwards in Glasgow, but I could see—anyone with a newspaper eye could see—that the worst defects of the make-up could be remedied in spite of the deficiencies in the printing plant. Many times, before the purchase by Lord Northcliffe introduced latter-day methods, I implored Moberly Bell to give me full powers to introduce such reforms as I could devise. But I was always told that what was practicable with other papers was impracticable with *The Times*. When I demonstrated how the thing could be done, even under the disabilities of the printing contract, superior heads were shaken over my presumptuous folly. ‘That is all very well on paper, my dear Kitchin,’ would reply Moberly Bell, and Buckle too, ‘but you don’t understand. You have never worked in the Editor’s Room.’ These two distinguished men had not been technically trained in journalism ; they did not know, and could scarcely at that time have discovered, that they were being humbugged by the inefficient Walter printing department which, while *The Times* as a newspaper was gasping for money, was making a large and unmerited profit out of its perpetual printing contract.

(To be continued.)

## LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE Editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of at least £3 to the most successful solvers of this series of four Literary Acrostics. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number : the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is first opened.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 12.

*(The Fourth of the Series.)*

‘ My noble father,

I do perceive here a divided duty :  
To you I am bound for life and education ;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you.’

1. ‘ Clang battleaxe, and clash — ! Let the King  
    reign.’
2. ‘ Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
    That mourns the lovely —.’
3. ‘ I search for genius, having it myself,  
    With keen and earnest longings.’
4. ‘ This is the dormitive I take to — ; I need no other  
    laudanum than this to make me sleep.’
5. ‘ They meet, they dart away, they wheel — ;  
    To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze.’
6. ‘ In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
    Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;  
    I eased in Asia the —  
    Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats.’
7. ‘ And — is their glory and their shame.  
    Hark to his strain ! and then survey his cell ! ’

8. 'Whoever might take offence with different parts of the book, it was rapturously hailed by the inhabitants of —, who immediately identified the most striking of its localities with those of their own pretty village.'
9. 'One dearer than a thousand sisters. One that I am convinced will be equally dear to the rest of the family, when she comes to be known.'

## RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed above 'Book Notes' on a later page.
4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back. It is unnecessary to copy the quotations or to send references; solvers who do so must not write them on the same paper as their answers.
5. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.
6. Answers to Acrostic No. 12 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than February 20.

## ANSWER TO No. 11.

1. B	elove	D
2. L	ar	A
3. E	arldo	M
4. S	alarin	O
5. S	anche	Z
5. E	ddyston	E
7. D	is	L

PROEM: D. G. Rossetti, *The Blessed Damozel*.

## LIGHTS:

1. Coleridge, *The Ancient Mariner*, v.
2. Byron, *Lara*, i. 4.
3. Tennyson, *Harold*, ii. 1.
4. Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 1.
5. Longfellow, *The Challenge*.
6. Macaulay, *The Armada*.
7. S. Butler, *Hudibras*, Part 3, Canto 2.

Acrostic No. 10 ('Stone Walls') proved very easy, and, judged by the number of answers received, very popular. There were 252 correct solutions, and 6 partly correct ones. The first correct answer opened was from 'Ronaele,' and she wins the prize of books to the value of £1—Miss A. Butler, 'Candahar,' York Road, Reigate, Surrey.

With No. 13, published in the next number of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, our fourth series of Literary Acrostics will commence. All the quotations in this acrostic will be taken from Shakespeare, and those in the later ones from the general field of literature.

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